THE COTTAGERS OF THE LAKES.

"Trees bear no fruit in autumn, unless they blossom in spring—that age may be profitable and laden with ripe fruit, let us endeavour that our youth be studious and flowered with the blossoms of learning and observation."

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PREFACE.

The object of the following little work is to excite an enjoyment for the simple and cheerful pleasures, which are invariably found to arise from an interchange of social affection.

Many of the scenes in the following tale are drawn from reality, some of which the author has witnessed.

The conversations are interspersed with historical narrative, and also with anecdote

from natural history, in order that young people may perceive the animation and amusement, which a well stored mind is capable of diffusing in a domestic circle—and whilst an attentive observation to the beauties of art and nature enliven the scene, the author has faintly endeavoured to elevate the mind "from nature up to nature's Go.."

THE

COTTAGERS

OF

THE LAKES.



CHAPTER I.

On the edge of one of the romantic lakes in the north of England, the curling smoke of a little dwelling caught the eye of some travellers, as it slowly rose from a beautiful copse at the foot of a mountain. The sight raised in them emotions of surprise, as without perceiving the marks of any abode, they had been wandering for some hours on the margin of the glassy flood, highly charmed and delighted with the grandeur of this sequestered spot.

"Father," exclaimed Emma, as she looked at the smoke, "I am almost sorry to find that these mountains are inhabited—I thought we had found a spot in which there was nothing but those sweet little birds to interrupt the tranquillity of the scene—why do you and my brother smile?"

"Because my love, I should hardly have thought you would desire to deny man a dwelling in so lovely a place. I am pleased to see you can so highly enjoy the beauties of nature—but is it just to wish the exclusion of that being from the grandest scenes, when all were created for his delight and benefit; and consign to the tuneful race those charms, of which they are not susceptible?"

"If you reason thus, papa, to be sure what I said must appear very ridiculous—but still I cannot quite like the idea of men living here, because, if they built on the sides of all the glens and caves, these grand scenes would no longer have that wild ap-

pearance, which I consider as their greatest beauty."

"Since you are so much for the sublime, my dear sister," said Edward, "had you not better cross the ocean, and range among the vast woods and extensive mountain scenery in America?"

"I do not think I should like to live in such a place," rejoined Arthur, "for don't you remember, Emma, when we were reading those travels in New Holland, how much those poor men suffered in trying to cross the blue mountains?—But now, papa, I am so hungry, that if Emma has no objection, may we go and see who lives in this house."

The party, agreeing to Arthur's proposal, turned their steps towards the wood, conversing as they passed along, upon the beauty of the landscape before them, which seemed to increase at every turn of the winding path.

"If we had been walking all the morn-

ing in a flat country, how fatigued we should have been by this time—don't you think so brother ?"

"Indeed I do Emma, and so greatly am I delighted, that I shall be quite sorry when we are obliged to turn back—only look how beautiful is that opening ! mountain piled on mountain, whose very tops are steeped in the waves of heaven, as a beautiful poet says, becoming bold and rugged towards the summit, while they are fringed with waving woods, from their base to the liquid flood that laves the shore—and really to heighten the scene Emma, there comes a fisherman's bark gliding swiftly along."

"This is truly a spot, where Emma," said her father, "may indulge her fancy—but beautiful as the scenes are, which raise our feelings to a degree of wonder, admiration and reverence, by the greatness of that power, whose finger has marked outlines so grand, we must not despise a more cultivated, though less romantic country.

"The eye must not alone be feasted—deep dells and rocky precipices would not admit the farmer's plough or the commercial waggon, so easily as our flatter counties in the south; and if we part with them, how many supports, pleasures and luxuries of life must we deny ourselves. By means of our trade, we become partakers of the benefits of every soil and climate—on our very breakfast table, the Indies supply us with sugar and coffee, the flax of Holland often with a table cloth, frequently the clay of China with a cup, the silver of the European or American continent with a spoon, the mines of Cornwall with an urn, and our own lowlands with bread, milk and butter. These latter, perhaps you will say we might as well have from the sides of a mountain—but if all the country were interspersed with mountains, our supplies could not be so great, as it would require much more labour to till the ground."

"But," said Emma, "what do they do

in Switzerland, where so much of the country is very high?"

"There indeed, my dear girl, the argument is greatly in your favour; but the Swiss are a people astonishingly industrious and persevering, and who cultivate their soil with indefatigable labour; their vallies however are warm and fertile, and would yield sufficient for their supply, were they not frequently overwhelmed with floods from the neighbouring glaciers, which destroy their whole crops."

"What are glaciers, papa?" interrupted Arthur." "They are my love, immense vallies of ice between the mountains; when these masses of ice crack, they separate with such amazing force, as sometimes to burst the rocks—these explosions generally happen in the winter, when the water freezing again, after having been melted by the summer sun, requires more room than in a liquid form; and if the ice should not find sufficient space, it tears with violence every thing connected with it. To

remedy the loss they sustain from these inundations, they drive the plough along the sides of the precipices, which a horse, unaccustomed to the country, would be incapable of ascending without danger, and they convert the rugged rock, and steril mountain, into pleasant vineyards and fruitful pastures."

"It is really surprising, papa," said Emma, "when one looks at a grain of wheat, to think so many millions of men should depend for their principal food, upon an accumulation of so small a seed; particularly when one knows all the outside is of little use, and that not a single blade of corn is to be raised without trouble. I wonder who was the first man, who pursued agriculture as an art, and discovered the best means and time of preparing and sowing the seed?"

"It is an evident proof of the care of our heavenly Father, my dear children, that all the productions of the earth, which are necessary for the support of life, yield a far

greater increase than is necessary to continue the stock—this you may have observed in an ear of corn, which is produced from a single grain.

"Fruit which we eat is a covering or bed for the seed of the tree; Arthur remembers how small the pip of the apple was, that we planted last autumn in our garden, which was all that was necessary to produce another tree; the other part which we ate, can only have been placed round the seed for its preservation, and for the gratification of man.

"But with regard to Emma's question, as to the person who first cultivated the earth, I can easily satisfy her, for we are informed in the Holy Scriptures, that Cain was a tiller of the ground—thus you see its origin is traced up to an early period of the world; but as men spread over the face of the earth, they seemed to lose the art in the course of their migrations, for the Greeks, and other neighbouring nations, thought husbandry on its introduction to their coun-

try, so great an improvement to their former supply of food, which consisted chiefly of acorns, nuts or masts of the beach, that it was ranked among their tutelary deities —and yet I dare say either of you had rather partake of the simple productions of nature, I have just mentioned, than share with the Laplander of this day, whose bread is made of pounded bones of fish, and the inner tender bark of the pine tree."

The fisherman had by this time reached the shore, and Edward going towards him, asked him what fish he had caught.

"Thank you, sir, only a few, though I have been out since four o'clock this morning—there they lie at the bottom of the boat, and I must make haste and take them to our good lady."

"Who is your good lady?"

"Dear sir, why the best in the world, every body knows her about here—she has been like a mother to Susan and me, and our poor *bairns*."

"Where does this good lady live?" asked Emma.

"At that pretty hermitage, as she calls it, which you can just get a peep of through those trees."

Emma and Arthur looking stedfastly, could just see the sun sparkling on a casement window.

"Why that is the very one Emma was so vexed with, when she first saw it—she did not know then," said Arthur to his father, "so good a woman lived there."

"I hope my Emma, who was so fearful lest vice should pollute this tranquil spot, will not deny virtue an abode here."

Emma said, she did not mean to be so unjust, and what she had said, was only the thought of the moment—if she had considered, she could not have been so uncharitable as to imagine all people were wicked.

"Are you going now to your lady?" asked Edward.

"*An please* you, sir, in a few

minutes, when I have ta'en this tackle," (rolling up his net, line and ropes,) " to our cottage."

" Is that afar off?" said Arthur.

" But a few paces round that corner, and I am in a hurry to go, as I have been a long time toiling to-day, and my Susan will wonder where I am."

Just as he had said this, a neat pretty looking women with an infant on one arm, and a child about three years old in the other hand, came in sight; on perceiving strangers she stopped, but the child ran forwards to its father, and hung round him with delight.

" Aye, I thought," said the countryman, " she would not stay much longer at home, —that, sir, is my wife, and this," holding up the fine little child, " is my second boy."

' And a fine rosy little fellow he is," said Mr. Wilmore, " but won't your wife come forward? I should like to see your other little one."

The countryman making a profound bow, said, "your *honour's* very good;" then stepping forwards, "Susan, these gentlefolks wish to speak to you."

As she approached, she courtesied, and Mr. Wilmore said, he supposed she came in search of her husband, as he had told them he was later than usual.

"My good man," she replied with a modest look, "is not often out so long—and as our bacon and greens were all ready, I was coming to the water side to look after him."

"And where is your eldest boy?"—continued Mr. Wilmore.

"I left him to watch the pot, as it was boiling."

"Have you plenty of bacon and greens—for here is a little boy," taking hold of Arthur, "who will be much obliged to you, if you can spare him some of them."

"With all his bonny heart," said the man, "he shall have as much as he likes, if I don't taste a morsel!"

"I am sure," said Arthur, "I wont take it from you, for you have been hard at work all the day, whilst I had a good breakfast this morning, and have only been walking since!"

"But my good master, James and I have a whole flitch at our cottage, and if your honours will all come and take some, we shall be very glad—and surely this morning, Joe found a whole nest of eggs, that one of our hens had laid in a hedge close by, which the good gentlemen and lady will perhaps like."

No objection being started, Edward and Arthur having helped the fisherman to lift his basket of fish on shore, they all set off for the poor man's hospitable abode.

CHAPTER II.

THE first glimpse they caught of the cottage delighted Emma.

"Oh! papa," she exclaimed, "what a pretty rustic place—how happy I am, in enjoying these sweet scenes with you and my brothers."

Well might Emma admire the fisherman's abode, for it was situated on a beautiful knoll at the edge of a wood, which climbed the steep ascent above; having mountain, wood and water in front.

The wicket at the little porch being opened, Susan led the way for Mr. Wilmore and his party. The peasant with his hat in his hand, and with a smiling face, stood at the side of the porch till all had entered. Then following, wished them

welcome, handed chairs to the company, called to Joe to make his bow to the gentle-folks, and afterwards desired him to fetch the bacon and eggs.

The pewter plates and wooden dishes, which were set in neat order for this happy family, on a coarse but white table cloth, were now put aside, and Susan laying the baby in the cradle, opened a drawer in a shining oak dresser, from which she took a clean huckaback table cloth, offering at the same time some apologies for not having a finer one to produce.

Emma thought it a very good one, but remarked that she had never seen so thick a table cloth.

"*May be not*, ma'am," Susan replied, "it was spun by my dear grandmother some time before I married—indeed she made it as a gift for my housekeeping."

"I dare say you value it very much then, my goodwoman," said Mr. Wilmore.

"Indeed my wife does," rejoined the countryman, "she had rather *part from*

our two silver spoons, than *this* table-cloth, though it would be hard work to give them up," stroking his little boy's head as he spoke, "since our kind master bought us them—but still the labour of her good mother's fingers makes the other seem more dear, almost as if her love *was* woven in the threads."

Mr. Wilmore was much pleased with the honest simplicity and affection evident in this remark, and told Susan he should relish his dinner as well off her grand-mother's workmanship, as off the finest damask he had ever seen.

A neat little row of boiled eggs on a bright plate ornamented with parsley, was now placed on the table—a wooden dish with bacon, that might almost have been mistaken for ham, soon followed, together with one of greens—a large loaf which Susan had baked that morning, was brought from her neat little larder, and

placed with a knife on a wooden trencher by Edward.

Mr. Wilmore having expressed his thankfulness for what they were going to partake, the hungry group shared, with grateful pleasure, the humble feast before them.

"It was one of the Spartan maxims," said Edward, "that hunger was the best sauce—and I am quite of that opinion, for never did I enjoy bacon and greens so much in my life."

"Will your honour excuse our not bringing any beer or liquor of that kind?" said the countryman, holding two brown jugs in his hand, "for we are not used to such company, and so don't keep any thing of the sort in our cottage--but here is some water just fresh from the well, and a can of butter-milk."

"Thank you, my good man," said Mr. Wilmore, "that I assure you is all that we want, and much less than you have given us,

bestowed with such kindness, would have quite satisfied us."

The fisherman now left them at their repast, and set off with his fish to the hermitage, charging his wife before he went, to pay every attention to their visitors.

"And so," said Mr. Wilmore, "your husband lives by fishing".

"Not always, sir, he sometimes fells wood in the forests for the gentry about, sometimes he gardens, and does odd jobs at the hermitage."

"What is the name of the lady who lives at the hermitage."

"Madam Vincent, sir, and she is so kind and good, she makes us all happy that are near her."

"My good lady," said little Joe, (coming forward with an exulting countenance,) "*larns* me to read and to write, and to be a good boy, and *ge's me* a penny a week, to drive the cows into the yard."

"A very nice thing, indeed, my little boy, and what do you intend to do with all the pence you get in this way."

"Why, sir," replied Joe, twisting his thumb and fingers one over the other, "I am, my lady says, to lay them all by in a box, and then *as how* she tells me I may some day buy a big bible, and so always know how to be a good, a very good boy."

"And how many pence have you got?" asked Arthur,

Joe turning to his mother,—"'ant it twelve, mother?"

"I think it is," said Susan.

"Because," said Arthur, who had been feeling in his pockets, "here are three-pence to put into your box, and if I had not bought some silly cakes, you should have had the whole six-pence papa gave me the other day."

Joe had just raised his hand to his head to make his bow, when his father returned from the hermitage.

" Please your worship," said he, " I was speaking to my lady about you and the gentlemen and lady, and asking leave for you to see her house and garden, when she said you were welcome.

"I made bold to ask, because I thought as you were going about to see all that is beautiful, you would like to give a look at my lady's curiosities ; and so *gin ye please*, I will show you the way directly."

" Thank you for your kindness, my good man," said Mr. Wilmore, " but we are not in so great a hurry, it is quite time you should take something to eat, therefore whilst you and Susan get your dinner, we will saunter on through the wood."

The politeness of the honest countryman would scarcely permit him to leave the party, who had honoured him so much by becoming his guests—but Emma entreating him to stay, he at length consented.

" What nice creatures are this poor man and woman," said Emma, as she left the

door, "they are so generous, cheerful and happy, that it does one good to see them; only think of James, (I believe that is the fisherman's name,) asking leave for us to see that lady's house, because he thought we should like it; I should never have dreamed of such a thing—but I cannot imagine what there is in it, which he thinks so wonderful!"

"Generosity, kindness, a readiness to please with all the good affections of the heart, are not, my dear Emma, confined to any class of society. The poor man can, and often does act, as nobly as the great man, but his sphere of life being more contracted, we have not so many opportunities of witnessing his conduct: no doubt, both Arthur and you remember the story of the great Alfred taking shelter in a neat-herd's cottage, when the Danes overran almost all England, and how kindly he was treated by its owners. ?"

"Oh! yes," cried Arthur, "very well, I read it in Evenings at Home, and the poor

king burnt the cakes when he was baking them, and then the neat-herd's wife scolded him!"

"And," continued their father, "neither of you can be unmindful of the constant attention paid to our wants and wishes, by those servants who wait upon us: we should not ourselves like to be obliged always to obey the commands, just or unjust of an equal or even of a superior. But with respect to the behaviour of servants, I admired a *remark* of Edward's the other day, that the general style of conduct in their masters, has a great effect upon their manners. You know what an excellent character these poor people have given of Mrs. Vincent, and her goodness, not unlikely, disposed them to treat us so kindly to-day. In our travels last summer, you cannot have forgotten the difference we found in our reception by the domestics of two noblemen—Lord Milton near Sheffield, is remarked for his benevolence, and in viewing his grounds, how handsomely we

were treated by all we met! on the contrary, the other nobleman's attendants by their rudeness, bore evident marks of a master in character entirely opposite—but here comes James!"

The countryman now coming up, begged their pardon for keeping them so long; but the two young people assured him he had been absent a very short time.

"And besides," said Edward, "your country possesses so many charms to interest the traveller, you never need ask his pardon for keeping him waiting; the hours only seem too short to satisfy his curiosity, and fly so rapidly he hardly knows how to count them."

The man scarcely knew what Edward meant by this remark, but hoped he had not done amiss in begging their pardon, since he thought "an hour was an hour to every body."

"So it is literally," said Edward, "but

when you are pleasantly employed, don't you find it pass more quickly than usual?"

"As to that," replied the countryman, "all hours are much the same to me, I try to do my duty, I have a dear wife, three *bairns*, a good mistress, brave health, a comfortable cottage, and work enough for these hands, so that heaven be praised, morning, noon and night *sees* me all as light as a feather. But now, my good master, we must turn down here, and over this little bridge."

"Oh! what an enchanting spot for a grotto," cried Emma: "the trees are so lofty and thick, the sun can scarcely find a mazy path between branches or leaves; and what a lovely little waterfall foaming beneath!"

"This place, my lady is very fond of," added their guide, "and talked to me *yester'een* of just such a thing as you mentioned ma'am."

"Oh! then I am sure I should love her," rejoined Emma.

The man looked at Emma with surprise, as if he wondered why the making of a grotto should incline her to love a person; " But," added he, " all good people must love Madam Vincent."

CHAPTER III.

The continual encomiums our party heard of this lady, had raised no small degree of curiosity to see her, and as they passed along, each pictured in his fancy her portrait.

The scene gradually became enlivened by the sun, as they emerged from the thicket of the wood; and now ascending a road cut through the solid rock, they arrived at an open space, and beheld a lawn enamelled with shrubs and flowers.

The countryman, taking a short path across this pretty spot, led them immediately in front of the cottage. It did not appear large, but its whole air bespoke its possessor to be a person of taste. A light and elegant varander shaded the lower win-

dows, which were interspersed with a variety of green house plants: and in the most ornamental cages, birds of various sizes and plumage were sweetly carolling in their pretty bower.

" Now if you please," said James, " I will go and let my lady know you are here."

" You need not trouble Mrs. Vincent," said Mr. Wilmore, " if you can show us the grounds yourself."

James did not however wait to hear Mr. Wilmore's decision, but hastened to a side door.

" Well, I am glad he is gone to call her," said Emma, " for I should have been quite disappointed to have left this place, without having a sight of the lady."

" All estimable characters, my love, raise feelings of respect, if not of affection among their fellow mortals: and we feel a natural desire to behold those, who have excited an interest in our minds, since a

visible object produces a more lively impression, than is generally received from description."

"That I suppose, papa," continued Emma, "is the reason why we are always so anxious to see the portrait of the person, whose life we have been reading?"

Arthur, during this time, had kept his eyes rivetted on the birds and plants in mute astonishment; at length he exclaimed,

"Dear papa! what a wonderful place is this, I never saw any thing so curious; but oh! here comes James with the lady—I think I shall like her, she looks so smiling."

Mrs. Vincent came towards them in an affable and engaging manner, which served to confirm the pleasing idea they had already formed of her.

"I am sorry, sir," said she, addressing Mr. Wilmore, "that I was not before informed

of your being so near our cottage, as it always gives me pleasure to entertain travellers, in their rambles among these mountains."

Mr. Wilmore thanked her for her kind expressions, and assured her they felt themselves honoured in being invited to see her lovely retreat.

"Nature," she replied, "has decked this spot with the most luxuriant beauty, and it is the amusement of my leisure hours to heighten its charms by the assistance of art. The marble in its native quarry would not display half its beauties, without the aid of man's ingenuity! And now" taking Emma and Arthur by the hand, "I must beg you will come and partake of my humble board."

"Oh! thank you," said Arthur, "but that good man" pointing to the countryman, "has just now given us a nice dinner, so may we not go and look at those birds?"

"Yes, my little fellow, that you shall do presently," then turning to Mr. Wilmore, "since James has supplied you with refreshment, I am afraid it will be in vain for me to offer any—still I hope the young people will not object to a little fruit."

Following this kind lady, they passed under the varander, and at one of the windows entered a beautiful little room. The walls were covered with a paper of dark vine leaves, ornamented with drawings; the fire place was of white marble, on which were spars and a variety of curiosities; the curtains were of white muslin drapery; on a small table lay a flute, a few books, some work, together with a work box neatly fitted up, and a pretty writing case with papers; on one side of the room was a piano forte, and near the windows a table covered with a tempting display of cakes, fruit and wine.

Drawing a Turkish settee towards the table, Mrs. Vincent requested her visitors to sit down, and then pouring out some

wine, called to Arthur, begging him to assist her in handing it to her company. With the greatest alacrity he obeyed her summons, but so extremely was his attention caught by the beautiful birds, that more than once the wine had nearly been spilt on the carpet; Emma gave him two frowns to make him more attentive, but no hint was powerful enough to rouse him from his surprise.

With a cake in one hand, and a fine peach in the other, he withdrew to the window, in order more closely to examine these captivating objects, without once raising his untasted morsels to his mouth, or attending to the conversation that passed between the rest of the party.

At length his father, brother and sister having finished, Mrs. Vincent came up to him, and putting her hand on his shoulder said, "my little fellow, what is it you see so curious there?"

"All those birds, ma'am, and their nice cages, some so large and some so small."

"And did you never see any like them before?"

"No never, why there is one with feathers which look finer than velvet, all red glossy gold over its back, and is not larger than a humble bee—that never moves, and almost all the others hop about every minute."

"No, my dear, that is not alive, it is a humming bird which was brought from the warmer parts of America; this bird is too delicate to bear our cold climate. The one you see is stuffed, and I put it in a cage and hung it on that pillar, because it looked pretty among the shrubs. When alive it is very fond of sporting from flower to flower, and like the bee, extracts their sweets with its little beak."

"Oh! how pretty, I wish it were alive; but what is that in the cage with it?"

"That," said Mrs. Vincent, "is its nest, which it hangs on a twig; it is made of the fibres of vegetables, fine moss and cotton, and as you see is about the size of

half a hen's egg. It never lays more than two eggs, which are about the size of small peas, as white as snow, marked here and there with a yellow speck."

"Indeed," said Arthur, "that is extraordinary. Now what is the name of that brown one, which was singing so sweetly just this minute?"

"That is the missel thrush, the largest of all the feathered tribe, which have music in their notes."

"And," said Arthur, "near those canaries, there are two birds of the same shape, the one black, the other white: and because it does not move, I suppose that is stuffed too."

"There you are right, Arthur, and they are both called black birds. The white is brought from the Alps, where the coldness of the air sometimes destroys its colour—but all this time I don't believe you have caught one glimpse of my favourite eagle."

"Where is he?" said Arthur.

" Yonder, chained to a tree on the grass plot."

" Oh! what a great creature, pray where does it come from?"

" It was caught when young in Scotland. Eagles generally live in barren mountainous countries, and build their nests among the loftiest cliffs. It flies higher than any other bird, and its sight, is said to be so acute, that when soaring in the air too high for our eye to discern, it can perceive the smallest fish under water."

" And do not some people say, it can look at the sun?" inquired Arthur.

" Many have asserted that to be the case —but they who have examined the eagle's eye, are, I believe of opinion that nature has supplied it with a curious membrane, or skin, which it can draw over its eye instantaneously, and thus defend itself from the glare of light, when it looks upwards."

" Indeed! that is curious," said Arthur.

"And don't you, my dear little boy, think it yery surprising, that the little humming bird, we were looking at just now, which is not much bigger than the top of one of your fingers, should be formed exactly the same as the great eagle?"

"How do you mean, formed the same?" inquired Arthur.

"I mean," replied Mrs. Vincent, "that it is composed of as many parts as the eagle, which perform the same offices—such as eyes, ears, a voice, a bill, feathers, wings, legs, lungs for breathing, a crop to hold its food, &c.

Emma during this time had been admiring the garden and scenery, with her father from the other window.

"I think," said Emma, "I never could be otherwise than happy in so enchanting a spot—how I wish, papa, we could live here."

Mrs. Vincent, hearing this exclamation, looked at Mr. Wilmore and said with a

smile, ' how little do youth, from the warmth and ardency of their imagination, know the human heart!—but if my love," addressing herself to Emma, " you will accompany me to my little study, I will endeavour to point out to you, a source from which more permanent happiness may be derived."

Emma going towards Mrs. Vincent, said she should be much obliged to her to show her the study; and Arthur was so much delighted with her kind attention to him, that he also begged he might be permitted to see it.

" Certainly, with the greatest pleasure, my little fellow, and perhaps if you ask your father and brother, they will not think it too much trouble to accompany us, particularly as your brother seems fond of drawings—these" addressing Edward, and pointing to the pictures on the walls, " are the production of my own pencil—but I have some others more worthy your atten-

tion, and I regret my son is not at home, to shew you also his collection."

The gentleman bowed in return for her politeness; and with eager steps the whole group now turned towards the door, which on being opened, presented to their view a pretty little circular hall, lighted by a sky light, painted in various devices, which together with a few marble statues, and several tasteful baskets of green house plants, variously interspersed, had a most pleasing effect.

Passing through this hall, they ascended a few steps, by an elegant winding staircase to a little gallery, and on Mrs. Vincent's opening a folding door, they beheld a sight far exceeding their utmost expectation.

Two large windows, opposite the entrance, commanded a still more lovely prospect of the lake and mountains than they had yet seen, at least so they imagined, though perhaps it only borrowed

some additional charms from the objects immediately surrounding them.

Near each of the windows stood a large globe, on both sides of the fire place and on the opposite wall were handsome collections of books, reaching from the ceiling to the floor. But on turning round, Emma was particularly struck, by observing two large pictures on each side of the door, suspended by two silken cords, which united and terminated in a knot over the door, above which was a picture representing a female figure, looking upwards, seizing with one hand a golden ball, whilst the other was placed on her heart.

"This, my dear girl," said Mrs. Vincent to Emma, "is what I call my moralizing room; from this library I can learn all that is great, and good, and wonderful, and scarcely a day passes, in which I am not taught something valuable. Those pictures which have attracted your attention, I endeavour to make the silent

monitors of my actions, and to act as a stimulus to all that is noble in our nature, by pointing out, and therefore guarding me against, those passions which are most likely to assail us."

"And how can they do that," said Emma, whilst her father and brother listened with no small eagerness.

"I will endeavour, my dear, to explain it to you.

"The first picture on the right hand, you may observe, represents a king standing on a terrace, in all the pomp of royalty—forgetful of his frailty, he is glorying in the extent of his power, and ascribing to himself what belongs to another, or is at best only a gift. But how long does this exultation last? scarcely a few moments! Yonder he is carried off the stage, for Omnipotence, incensed at his presumption, has reduced him to the state of a beast, by depriving him of his reason.

This story you have no doubt read in the scriptures; from which I learn, that I am not to glory in the possessions or qualifications which are bestowed upon me, but to use them as the property of another, lent to me for a time towards my own gratification. And as pride is often a source of our greatest evils, I have placed this picture first in the collection. The motto above it, as you may observe, is the *Sinfulness of Pride.* The next motto is the *Necessity of Contentment.* And here you behold a man seated under a canopy, with every thing magnificent about him, but with a countenance of horror, looking up at a sword suspended by a hair from the ceiling. The story is this. A courtier of the tyrant Dionysius of Syracuse, was perpetually extolling his sovereigns treasures, his grandeur, the number of his troops, the extent of his dominions, the magnificence of his palace, and the universal abundance of all good things and enjoyments in his

possession; always repeating, that never man was happier than Dionysius; "because you are of that opinion," said the tyrant to him one day, "will you taste and make proof of my felicity in person!"—The offer was accepted with joy—Damocles was placed upon a golden bed covered with carpets of inestimable value. The side boards were loaded with vessels of gold and silver. The most beautiful slaves, in the most splendid habits stood around, watching the least signal to serve him. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind Damocles was all joy, and looked upon himself as the happiest of mortals—when casting up his eyes, he beheld over his head the point of a glittering sword, which hung from the roof by a single horse hair! The sight of destruction thus threatening him, soon put an end to his joy. The pomp of his at-

tendants, and the glitter of the carved plate gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreaded to stretch forth his hand to the table. He threw off the chaplet of roses, and at last begged the king to restore him to his humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness.

"This story," continued Mrs. Vincent, "serves to convince me that I am happiest in the state allotted me; but if I feel the smallest desire to be placed in a different situation, I directly think the change might bring with it some little sword, to take off the edge of all my pleasures.

"At the back of the scene are two people very busy in the open air. One of them is an Arabian Caliph or king, and the other a magistrate, who is come to his sovereign to demand redress for a poor woman, from whom the Caliph himself had taken an orchard. When he arrived with the poor woman, he found his sovereign giving audience on the very ground, which he had

unjustly acquired. "Permit me," said the Cadi or magistrate, "to fill the sack I have brought with the soil of this orchard" —he filled it, and then required the Caliph to assist him in raising the burthen from the ground. The sovereign, although he thought the request strange, humoured the respectable magistrate, complaining at the same time of the weighty load; "alas! Commander of the faithful" rejoined the Cadi, "if this sack of earth appear so heavy to your arms, how will you support the weight of this whole estate, which will hang upon your soul hereafter, and sink it to perdition." The Caliph heard this speech without resentment, and restored the orchard.

"In the former scene, Damocles was *only desirous* of his master's happiness, but used no unjust means to gain it—but here we have seen one, who *forcibly* took possession of that which he desired, and what a dreadful punishment was he likely

to draw down upon his head, by this flagrant act of injustice.

On the left side of the door, the first motto is *The Misery of Covetousness*;. And there you behold a man richly dressed, with a great many bags, suspended from his shoulders, filled with money, the very weight of which makes him look pale, and oppressed. To two men on his left hand he has just given some guineas, to one of them that he might purchase a fine coat, and to the other that he might buy a large tray of the best provisions. But see how scornfully he looks upon that group of poor people; he appears scolding a meagre looking woman, who is imploring his benevolence: whilst his right hand is waving in token of denial to a poor man, who seems just to have met with an injury; his left hand is grasping his treasures, as if fearful he should be tempted to give a penny; and yet he appears so absorbed in gratifying himself, that he forgets all feelings of humanity,

and with one foot is in the act of kicking away a poor little chicken, which is come to share a crumb that has fallen from his table."

"Oh! what a shocking man," said Arthur.

"Indeed he is," replied Mrs. Vincent, "but this should serve to convince you, how truly wretched and mean a selfish person feels himself, and appears to others—indeed his character forms so unpleasing a sight, that we will no longer regard him, but turn to the next.

"Here the motto is, the *Vanity of Man's Applause;* and who can look more miserable, pale and wretched than the person seated in that triumphal chair, which is borne on the shoulders of his fellow citizens, amid the cheers and loud huzzas of the people—that is intended for Voltaire, a great French writer, but a very wicked man. Having been some time absent from his native land, he was received on his re-

turn, with loud acclamations of applause by his countrymen. Their praise, at the commencement of his life, had been his sole aim, and now that he had completely obtained it, not one throb of pleasure did it impart, his conscience throwing darts too keen for any delights to dispel—and he died sometime afterwards most miserably.

"Voltaire's life," continued Mrs. Vincent, "assures me how vain it is, to look for the praise of man as a sole reward; and that figure over the door, convinces me how much more delightful it is, to place our happiness upon the favour of a more exalted Being. It is intended to represent *Virtue*. A cord from each of the pictures is placed under her feet, to shew that she keeps in subjection the passions they represent, and as a mere glance towards either of them, would almost make it her own, she avoids that danger, by raising her eyes to heaven, where she is imploring the assistance of her all powerful Creator. The

hand, placed on her heart, indicates such to be the spring of all her actions. A watch, of which you can see a small part of the face, marks the regulation of her passions, and the value she places on time. The glittering ball, she is seizing with her other hand, is the *golden moment of opportunity*. Around her all nature is decked in the brightest hues, and looks smiling with joy, whilst the meaner delights in the other pictures, yield not one ray of light, but all are gloomy and dull, emblematical of the certain end of such pleasures."

So much were all the party struck with the truth of the representations before them, that for a short time they were lost in contemplation; at length, Arthur begged to know why the ball, at which Virtue was catching, was made of gold?

"Because," said Mrs. Vincent, "gold is the most precious metal, and the present

moment is more precious than any other, for that only can we call our own—we know not what the next will produce, and therefore don't you think, my dear little boy, that the wisest way is to employ well the present time."

Arthur said he thought it was, and then hung down his head, as if he knew not what further to say.

Mr. Wilmore, joined by his son, thanked Mrs. Vincent for the amusement and instruction she had afforded them, in her description of the pictures, but poor Emma, feeling it was principally addressed to her, looked affectionately at Mrs. Vincent, but could not express her acknowledgments, though she said in a low voice, that she hoped she should often think of the pictures, when she felt inclined to be proud or discontented.

"Then, my dear girl," said her kind instructress, "if you act like Virtue, and

keep the cords or wishes in subjection, you will be sure to succeed; but you must not be long in deciding, otherwise that time will be lost, which you might have employed more profitably in singing "*Te Deum* for the victory."

CHAPTER IV.

A servant now came to the door, to know if his mistress had any thing more for James to do, as he had finished the job she had set him about.

"No, I do not think I have," she replied, "so he may now go home."

"But," said Mr. Wilmore, "we wandered a good way among the mountains this morning, and it is now so late, that I do not think we can find our way back again; therefore if James could go to the village, where we slept last night, for our carriage, I will pay him for his trouble."

"No," replied Mrs. Vincent, "do not think, dear sir, of leaving me to-day; I shall be very happy to entertain you as long as you can remain here, and to-morrow or

the next day. I hope my son will return—when I am sure he will have great pleasure in shewing you the lakes, being perfectly acquainted with the most beautiful scenery around us."

Mr. Wilmore thanked her for her very handsome offer, but said he could not accept it now, as he particularly wished to return, but would call upon her to-morrow, if she were not likely to be engaged.

"If it must be so," said Mrs. Vincent, "James had better walk up stairs, and you can give him your directions."

The servant presently returned with James, who made his bow at the door.

"If you please," said he, "they tell me your honour wants to speak to me."

"I want you James," said Mr. Wilmore, "to go for my carriage; how far are we from the next village?"

"About three miles, as near as I can tell," said James.

"Because," continued Mr. Wilmore, "if you will go to the inn, and shew my

servant the way here, I will pay you when you come back."

"Your honour's very good, but as for that," said the countryman, rubbing his hat round and round with his arm, "for the sake of my lady here, I'd freely go for *nought*."

"I doubt not but you would do so for Mrs. Vincent," said Mr. Wilmore smiling, "but now you are to go for me, so do not delay it James, as it is getting late."

With this he bowed again, and shut the door.

"That countryman has a very warm and grateful heart," said Mrs. Vincent, "for the little I have done to make his family more happy, he is constantly endeavouring to make all the return in his power."

"And I do not doubt but your benevolence," replied Mr. Wilmore, "is

amply rewarded for the assistance you have afforded them, by the warmth of feeling which is evident in James and his wife's manner, when they see you, or hear your name mentioned."

Mrs. Vincent said the reward of benevolence she thought one of the sweetest pleasures in life, "but," continued she, "the history of this little family is so uncommon, that no person, without being most selfish, could avoid feeling a considerable degree of interest in their welfare."

Emma and Arthur immediately entreated Mrs. Vincent to tell them what it was.

"If I should not tire your father, I will with the greatest pleasure," she replied, "but it cannot be a very short account."

Mr Wilmore and Edward both said, they should like to hear every particular, as the honest simplicity of the man had much pleased them.

The whole party having taken chairs, and drawn them in a semicircle round one of the windows, Mrs. Vincent began,

"Soon after I came to this spot, about four years ago, I was struck one day in walking through a wood, with the sickly appearance of a pleasing looking young woman; and on returning home I made some enquiries among my servants respecting her. One of them, who had long lived in this part of the world, directly guessed whom I meant, and told me her life was a *most lamentable history*. That young creature, she said, lost her father and mother when a child, and she then went to live with her grandfather and grandmother, who possessed a pretty cottage among the mountains.

The former had a good many sheep, which he used to tend himself, as they wandered browsing from mountain to mountain—at home the wife and grandaughter took care of a dairy of several

cows, which was kept so nice and neat, that all the country round, preferred their milk and butter to any that could be procured elsewhere.

"At that time, James, whom she afterwards married, lived with his father, (an old and lame man,) in a cave, in the hollow of a hill not far from Susan's grandfather. The old man not being able to do any thing towards his own support, the care fell upon his son. The expence of a cottage exceeding their means, James contrived to make of this natural hollow a very comfortable little room, where they carried some of their furniture—three chairs, a round table, a bed of dried grass, a chest and some plates. Here they lived as comfortably as their situation would permit, James taking every kind care of his father. For their subsistence, he sometimes procured a little by fishing at the side of the lake, and sometimes he worked in the farm for Susan's grandfather, carrying the goods to

market, and bringing home instead of them, hay, or whatever article was wanting.

As soon as the old people found James and Susan were attached to each other, they made no objection to their marrying. "Though James is poor, yet," said her grandfather, "a blessing be upon them; Susan is a good girl, and James a kind son, and has an honest heart, and she's our only darling, and is to have all we have got, so cannot we spare them a little to begin with, seeing we have as much and more than we want."

"Just as they were looking forward for the spring, to the building a little cot, large enough for themselves and James's father, who could not be left alone—a long and severe winter blasted all their hopes most of their sheep were lost, some of the cows died, and those that remained were so reduced in flesh as to be of little value; so that when spring came, instead

of their hopes being completed, only a wreck remained of their former property. Their cheerfulness however never forsook them, and my servant remarked, that many a time the old man was heard to say, "The sun of kindness and love has long shone upon me, and wicked indeed should I be to murmur at the first dreary day! all things may come round again."

"But alas! the sheep had suffered so severely in the winter, that as the warm weather approached they died one after another. A lingering fever confined Susan's grandmother to her bed, which considerably increased their expences. The cows were obliged to be sold—the rent of the cottage could not be paid. James now exerted every energy, and enlarged the size of his fathers's cave, by hollowing out another room for their reception. To this spot they all removed with their scanty possessions, a twelvemonth after their first great loss.

" The poor old woman did not long survive the change. In her delicate state it affected her deeply, though she strove to be cheerful, and to follow her husband's example, of relying on that power, which had first given, and afterwards taken away their principal supports, and chief of their pleasures.

" After her death James and Susan were at a loss how to act, however they determined to wait a little longer, and see if he could not get some certain employment before they married. At length their efforts were so far rewarded, that he was engaged by a gentleman a few miles off, to hew wood in the fields, where James was early at work in the morning, and late at night —dining merely upon an oaten or barley cake. His attention and industry were remarked by his master, but James was of a mind too great to complain, for though he had many opportunities, he never murmured at his fate, or told his tale of woe.

With a happy countenance he returned to the cave on a Saturday night, shewing Susan his week's earning; and after producing some trifle for her, and a Sunday dinner for both their parents, he gave Susan the remainder towards their future housekeeping.

"At length James's father died, and Susan's assiduity in attending upon him, in his last illness, increased James's affection for her, and they determined soon after his death to marry.

"A part of the cave falling in, they resolved not to trust themselves under so frail a roof, and Susan's grandfather taking up his abode in the other part, which was a natural opening in the rock, James set about felling some of the trees in the wood—with the trunks, branches and twigs of which, he contrived to make a tolerable little cabin lining the chimney and other parts with clay. Here they were living when I first saw them—their eldest boy being then a

few months old. From the want of proper attention, and of the necessaries of life, Susan's health was greatly impaired. I need hardly tell you, that with a little contrivance and James's industry, we managed between us, to raise the cottage in which they now live, and from recommending him as a workman to several persons in the neighbourhood, he is enabled to provide comfortably for his family, and to support their aged grandfather, who still lives in the cave, and is become so much attached to it, that he could not be persuaded to leave it."

The attention of the circle during this narrative, showed the interest which it had excited, in the minds and hearts of Mrs. Vincent's hearers—poor little Arthur's countenance had been alternately enlivened by pleasure, and depressed by sorrow; but at the close of the story, a smile overspread his face, and he exclaimed, " that

he was very glad Mrs. Vincent came to live here, or perhaps poor Susan would have died, and he should have been very sorry for that, because he liked her, and James would have been so miserable."

Mr. Wilmore said he was very much pleased with the account, and that it was one of many instances, in which poverty and misfortune, patiently borne, met with its reward. For a time it was hard work to struggle against them, but he firmly believed, when so much virtue sustained them, the individual would finally be brought into notice, and rewarded by the beneficient Ruler of the Universe.

Tea being now announced, they rose to leave the study, when several parting looks of regret were glanced upon the pictures, library, &c.

Descending into the hall, they once more entered the little parlour, where they found the tea table a very cheerful sight,

as some hours had passed since the dinner they took at the fisherman's.

Whilst Mrs. Vincent made the tea, Arthur ran to look at his favourite birds, when his eye was attracted by two glass globes under the varander, containing gold and silver fish, which swam about very swiftly. He ran back to enquire where they came from, and on Mrs. Vincent telling him, they were brought from China, he returned to behold the little travellers, who were exiled so far from their native ponds.

Emma and Edward were looking at the curiosities on the mantle piece. A large piece of red coral, that resembled in form the antlers of a stag, struck Emma's fancy directly; indeed the contrast between the white marble and the beautiful hue of the coral looked exceedingly pretty.

"Well," exclaimed Emma, "I should like just such a mantle piece, purposely to

put on some coral, it looks so beautiful!"

"It certainly does look beautiful," replied Mrs. Vincent, "but I put the coral there, not only to admire its beauty, but at the same time to observe the wonderful order and economy of nature!—Do you not, my dear, perceive how singularly it is formed—and we are told by naturalists, it is the work of little animals or insects, which have each formed cells, one above another, till a branch is made like this specimen. So great a quantity of coral is found in the Persian Gulf, on the coasts of the Red Sea, the Western coast of America, and some other places that it appears like forests under water—but coral is not the only substance which is found to be inhabited in the sea, for the greatest part of what appears to us to be vegetables, is in fact nothing but the artificial formation of insects, which they have built for their

own habitations! Thus you may imagine how thickly the world is inhabited, since by the assistance of chemistry and glasses, it is found that every leaf and vegetable swarm with animals on land, and in the sea still more abundantly."

Edward had been, in the mean time, examining some specimens of copper, iron and tin ores, and also quicksilver, as they are found in the mines of Idra in Austria.

"Dear me, papa," said Emma, "how very different these look from copper, iron or tin."

"Most metals, my love," replied her father, "when found in the earth are mixed with some substance, and the richest metals are often less glittering and splendid than the most useless, before human industry has made them assume a different appearance. But how little do we know the suffering of those poor men, who la-

bour under ground to supply us with these valuable ores."

"Do they, indeed, suffer very much, papa!" said Emma.

"In some mines," replied Mr. Wilmore, "they are deprived of the light of day; and sometimes do not see the sun for years—enduring heat and cold alternately—engaged in hard labour—and having their lives in continual peril, particularly so from impure air, which arises generally from the substances mixed with the ores.

"The quicksilver minesare the most fatal, the workmen being almost invariably killed by the effects of the ore which they inhale. Nothing, it is said, can describe the deplorable infirmities of those who fill the hospitals at Idra—emaciated and crippled, every limb contracted or convulsed, and in some measure perspiring quicksilver at every pore."

Mrs. Vincent having now poured out the tea, they all seated themselves round the table, enjoying her charming tea and cream, home made cakes, and bread and butter.

"Oh! how comfortable we are," cried Arthur, "I do so love my tea."

"Much better I dare say, than the good woman in the time of Charles the second," rejoined Mrs. Vincent; "did you ever hear of the mistake she made, when she received a pound of tea from her son, who was a soldier in India."

"No, never," said Arthur.

"At that time," continued Mrs. Vincent, "tea was not much known in England, being very dear, as much as sixty shillings a pound, and even thought a rarity among the highest classes! Not being a greedy woman, she did not choose to enjoy this delicacy alone, and therefore invited a party of her friends to come and share it with her, but she was quite at a loss to know how to prepare it; at length

she concluded to boil it like spinach, and chop it up together, when much to their disappointment, instead of finding a feast, they could none of them partake of it. But now as I have promised you a cup of nice tea, I hope the dish of cakes before us will not be thrown away upon you, like the tea was upon the poor woman, and so pray Arthur take some."

They had scarcely finished this sociable meal, when James returned, and told them the carriage was driven into the yard. Mrs. Vincent wished the horses to be taken out; but Mr. Wilmore said, as not one of them knew the road, he should prefer going before it grew dusk.

All being ready they took leave of Mrs. Vincent, thanking her for her kindness, and promising to come the next day.

For some time nothing was talked of but the charming Mrs. Vincent, as Emma called her.

"I cannot," said Mr. Wilmore, "always

mount as rapidly as you, Emma, in your extacies, but for once, I think with you, that Mrs. Vincent is a charming woman— she is accomplished, by which I mean, her mind is well stored with information, and that she has acquired a taste for superior amusements. She has taken pains to make her manners agreeable to those about her, and seems, as though she had adopted the sentiments of an excellent author, "that to be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue."

"That is just what I think," said Emma, "and I am very glad you think as I do."

"My dear Emma," said her father, "should always consider whether she admires a person merely for kindness of manner, or whether that person really possesses other qualifications which merit her admiration."

"I hope I do," said Emma.

"The virtues of a good man," continued her father, "are far superior to any exterior ornament of polished manner, and

they command respect and esteem in every situation, from the king to the peasant: His conduct shines equally in prosperity and in adversity. How much we esteem Susan's grandfather for his conduct—how much we esteem the noble firmness of Caractacus, a British king, who was taken captive by the Romans, when they were endeavouring to subdue this Island!"

"How did he behave papa?" enquired Emma.

"Being sent to Rome," replied Mr. Wilmore, "he was brought in chains before the Emperor, but instead of betraying any weakness or servility, he acted firmly on every occasion; nor did he appear absorbed in the consideration of his own disasters—for when he entered the Imperial palace, he calmly expressed his surprise, that the possessor of such a sumptuous abode could deign to covet the paltry cottages of Britain. And thus harangued the Emperor with so much dignity of conscious worth, that Claudius, though gene-

rally very severe, was so affected that he struck off the hero's fetters, and treated him and his family with distinguished regard."

They now stopped at the inn—the landlord immediately came to the carriage, opened the door, and bowing handed them out.

Emma and Arthur having exerted themselves much during the day, they felt unusually fatigued, and soon retired to rest; leaving their father and brother to write letters home, and to note in their journals the events of the day.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning when they met at the breakfast table, all except Mr. Wilmore, looked sad and melancholy. The day was dismally wet, and as Arthur watched the rain beating hard against the windows, he could scarcely restrain the tear that glistened in his eye; he was too mournful to say a word, before his father proposed writing a note to Mrs. Vincent, to put off their visit to the hermitage till the following day.

"Oh! what a disappointment," cried Arthur, "such as I never felt before, and never can again."

"How so, my dear," said his father, "if you were not likely again to visit the

hermitage, would you not feel it a still greater disappointment?"

"No, papa, that would not be a disappointment; any thing worse than this would be a trouble."

"But surely," said his brother, "you will not breakfast upon the rain, instead of taking something more substantial, Arthur?"

He then came towards the table, and sat down. But instead of eating, he only played with his spoon. The rest of the company assuming a more cheerful air, he recovered himself, but still was very uncomfortable, and nothing went right—the milk was too cold—his chair was uncomfortable—his spoon was too small.

"Arthur," said his father, "don't you remember what we read in Blair's Sermons the other day? He compared the gentle mind to a smooth stream, which reflects every object in just proportions, and in its fairest colours; but the violent spirit to troubled waters, which render back the

images of things distorted and broken, and communicate to them all that disordered motion, which arises from its own agitations."

"Well, papa, this smoke which has puffed twice in my face I don't like at all."

"Then my dear sit a little farther from the fire, or run and open the door, which perhaps will increase the draft; but if you complain so much of smoke, you cannot be the traveller you wish to be.— In some parts of Scotland, the huts are formed of loose stones, piled one upon another, without any chimney; they have merely a hole in the turf roof, which serves at the same time for a window. In those parts, there are no inns, and the traveller must seek a lodging from the hospitality of the inhabitants.

In Ireland, the inconveniences are sometimes equally great, and besides the people are more dirty. The inhabitants

of Lapland are obliged almost to live in smoke during the few hot weeks they have in the year, in order to escape swarms of flies or gnats, which buzz about in all quarters, and sting most dreadfully."

"Indeed; then papa," said Arthur, "I will not complain of the smoke any more, so I shall not open the door."

"But since neither your brother, sister, nor myself, mean to begin such travels just at present, you should open it for our sakes."

Arthur then assuming his usual gaiety, kissed his father, and opened the door.

"Papa," said Emma, "I have just been thinking it would be profiting by Mrs. Vincent's representation of Virtue, were I to seize the present time, now I have nothing else to do, by making something for Susan or her baby."

"I applaud your thought my love, and what do you think you can do?"

" Why, papa, I have nothing here to make up, but is there no shop in this village, where something might be bought ?"

" Oh yes ! I know there is," said Arthur, " and not far off, for I saw it myself—shall we go directly ?"

" But for what are you going, my children," said Mr. Wilmore, " you have not fixed upon what you are disposed to make." Arthur proposed that Emma should make Susan a gown.

" Oh ! what a silly boy," said his sister, " why you had better make James a fishing net, you would get through it quite as soon as I should the gown. No, if I make her duster, (for the one with which she wiped the plates was very ragged)—an apron for herself, and a little brown cloak for the baby, as a white one would soon get dirty, that will be as much as I could undertake to-day."

" Very well, Emma, now Arthur what

do you mean to give Susan in return for dinner yesterday."

"I think I should like best to give James a new basket, to hold his fish, for when he lifted his own from the boat, the bottom so nearly came out, that don't you remember, he staid to tie it to the side with a piece of string?"

"Yes, my dear boy, and I have no doubt, that James will much like a new one; but can you not also afford to buy Susan a milk pan? The one which we saw in the larder, had two large cracks in it, and must soon fall in pieces."

"That's charming," said Arthur, "a basket for James, and a milk pan for Susan!"

"And suppose," rejoined Mr. Wilmore, "that in order to fill this basket with presents, I add a warm red cloak for Susan."

"That's still better," exclaimed Arthur, "oh! I am glad it is wet now; but how is Emma to get to the shop—stop, I know,"

standing firmly as he spoke, "I will hold the umbrella for her, which will keep her a little dry, and then she can just for once put on my great coat, and she has thick shoes, so she will not be hurt, and I don't care if I get wet myself."

"I think," said his father, "I have a better plan to propose, Thomas may take you, and Edward and I will assist Emma, who between us I hope will not get very wet, though I am sure she is much obliged for the offer of your services. Now run and clothe yourselves as warmly as you can."

Arthur was equipped in a minute, and complained as he marched round and round the table, that Emma was so slow.

She will never be ready in time for us to buy the different things, and then for her to sit down, and make her's up.

"Have a little more patience Arthur, said Emma as she entered, "I shall soon be ready, but I cannot do every thing in a

moment, you would have the world turned topsy-turvy to get what you want."

"Arthur should remember," said his father, "that order and regularity must be attended to in every thing; it would not do for Emma to take off one thing and put on another, without laying aside the first in its proper place. The little bee that labours so industriously among the flowers, gets through a great deal, but gathers not the honey, till it has collected wax to make the cells to hold it, and in making the wax, it observes the same order and perseverance."

"By flying about very fast among the flowers, I suppose you mean, papa, and to be in such a hurry is exactly what I wished Emma to be."

"But the bee, my dear, is only expeditious when it is requisite to be so, in some parts of its work it moves slowly, and is always careful to complete one part of the business before it attempts a second. You

know perhaps, how the bee makes the wax, with which it divides the hive into a great number of little octagan apartments."

"No papa, I have seen them, but I do not know how it makes the wax."

"The first care of the bee, on beginning its day's labour, is to find a flower well supplied with farina, or the yellow dust you have often seen on the stamina or threads of a flower, and rolling itself within the cup, it becomes covered with the dust, which it then brushes off with its hind legs, and kneads into two little balls. These balls it places in cavities, formed like little baskets, edged with hair, in its hind legs; and so quickly works on, till it has made each ball of wax about the size of a pepper corn, when it flies home."

The party now set out to accomplish their errands, and found the rain had made the road even worse than they expected, and the gutters so wide, that Arthur thought there would soon be a flood.

On arriving at the shop, Arthur went directly to Emma, kindly enquiring if she were much wetted, brushed the large drops of rain off her bonnet, and shook her pelisse, that she might not take cold from the damp; he then told her that as she was a lady, he supposed that she must choose her articles the first, or, else he saw some baskets just the thing for James.

"But what a comical shop is this,—we can get all the things we want, without going to any other!"

Emma giving her brother leave to see the baskets first, the man handed them to him; but Arthur found it required some minutes deep consideration to determine which would best answer the purpose, as there were many sizes;—at length moving his finger from his lips, he decided in favour of one of a middling size, as he thought it would not be so much in the way, in the little cottage as a larger basket, and if James had a great many fish he could go

twice to fetch them. Taking hold of his new purchase with both hands, he set it aside, begging Emma would look for what she wanted, and afterwards, he would see for the milk pan.

The check for the duster was soon bought, but it was difficult to fix upon the prettiest cotton for an apron. Arthur wanted it dark, though Emma was very much pleased with a light one, however, the one that required the least washing was preferred.

Just as Emma was going to have some cloth cut for the baby's cloak, Arthur called out with delight, that he had discovered a cloak quite ready to wear, behind the further counter. It was accordingly produced, and found to be exactly what they wanted.

"It is so nice and warm for the baby," said Arthur, "how Susan will like it!—But is it not rather coarse?"

Emma assured him it was better than a

fine one, as it was thicker, and would wear longer.

A red cloak was now brought, which was admired by all, and Arthur busily assisted the man in packing it tight in the basket.

" Now for my milk pan," cried Arthur; here the size was a difficulty, but after settling this point, it was found troublesome to place it in the basket, it being too wide to lie flat.

" I cannot think of getting a smaller one," said Arthur " this is quite as little as it ought to be, what is to be done ? A larger basket won't do neither, but I tell you what, had we not better leave the pan till Emma's things are packed, and then Thomas may tie it upon the top as a lid."

" Bravo! my boy," said Mr. Wilmore "a capital contrivance,—and now we have purchased all we want, we had better go directly home, as the rain is a little abated, for yonder black cloud threatens another storm."

CHAPTER VI.

WITH all dispatch possible the walking attire was put aside, and Emma entered the parlour with a neat little work box and bag in her hand, whilst Arthur was spreading the duster and apron very smoothly upon the table.

"Now Emma, which will you make first?" he exclaimed, "I have laid them both out."

"Why I can hardly tell, but I think the duster."

"Very well sister, then I'll double up the apron."

This being completed before Emma had finished turning down the hem, he opened her box.

" Don't, dear Arthur, put my things out of order," said Emma.

" No, no, I'll take care of that, I only want to get a needle ready for you. Will that do? And now for the cotton—will that do too? I'll tell you what Emma, there is a little stool under that table, may I fetch it, and seat myself by your feet, and thread all your needles—won't that save time?"

Emma agreeing to this proposal, he brought the stool, and placing the box on his knee, began to cut lengths of cotton.

" Don't do so Arthur, at least only cut four or five at a time, or else they will become entangled."

Arthur instantly desisted, fearful, that if he did not do as he was desired, that he should be discarded from his present employment.

" It is a pretty check on this duster, is it not, Emma?"

"Very pretty, I think," said his sister, "and I hope it will be strong"

"It would not do to make it of muslin like your frock, would it Emma?"

"No, I think not indeed," said Emma laughing—"it would be rubbed to pieces in a very short time—besides mine is made of cotton, and this of linen."

"That's no reason Emma, for its being stronger," said Edward, "because those checks are sometimes made of cotton as well as of linen."

"Well then, brother, what shall I say to convince him it is stronger?"

"I should have thought your eyes would have told you, Emma, that the thread of one is fine and the other coarse; have you never seen any old woman spinning at her door? The flax, hemp, wool or whatever she spins, is all in short pieces, and she twists them together by the help of her fingers and wheel, into different sized threads."

"But what are cotton, hemp and flax, brother?" said Arthur.

"Cotton Arthur, is a soft downy substance found on the cotton tree; the pods are nearly as large as a moderate sized apple, and closely filled with cotton round the seeds. Flax is a plant, with a slender hollow stem, usually about two feet high, the bark of which consists of fibres or threads. Hemp is very much like flax only coarser. The stalks of these two plants being collected, they are steeped in water, to separate the bark or hemp from the woody parts; then the hemp is broken by machinery, and beaten hard to render it fine; afterwards it is run through a card, or piece of wood full of points of wire, which separates the threads that are matted together, and lays them smooth, ready for the spinner. Now Arthur are you any the wiser?"

"Yes,—I know now what cotton, hemp and flax are, but does hemp or flax make what Emma calls linen?"

"Hemp, Arthur, is used to make some sort of cloth, but it is generally coarse and

brown. All cordage is made of hemp. Linen is made from flax. A great deal of flax grows in Ireland; the linen of which your shirt is made, comes from that country, and is therefore called Irish linen."

"Does it grow there of itself?" said Arthur.

"No," replied Edward, "not without some cultivation."

"Indeed, Arthur, when you talk so much," said Emma, "you quite forget my needles—so I must have the box to myself."

"No, Emma—do try me once more, and I will talk, and not forget your box either. But papa, what were you goingto say?"

"I was going to tell you when flax was first planted in Ireland."

"And when was it, papa,?"

"In the time of Charles the first. Lord Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Stafford, a very clever, though very ambitious man, then held the government of the country, and finding there was no princi-

pal manufacture for the employment of the people, he imported a quantity of superior flax seed from India, which he first tried himself upon his own estate. The crop succeeding to his expectation, he sowed the next year still more, erected several looms, procured workmen from France and Flanders, and at length was able to send some linen over to Spain. Exulting in the success of his scheme, he foretold what has since come to pass, that the cultivation of flax would prove the certain means of promoting wealth and industry in Ireland."

"Indeed, I think," said Edward, "he deserves the title of Benefactor to the country he governed, and is more worthy of having his name handed down to posterity, than they who have acquired fame by military exploits: for he rendered thousands of his fellow creatures happy in the pursuit of honest industry, whilst those conquerors desolated kingdoms, which the result of many years could scarcely raise to their

former comfort. It is said of Julius Cæsar, that he bore the character of a generous and humane soldier, although he subdued three hundred nations, stormed a thousand cities, made a million of slaves, and put as many to the sword, either in the field, or in towns."

"And did not the man," enquired Arthur, "who first thought of selling wool, do as much, papa, for England, as this Lord Wentworth did for Ireland? because you said one day, that wool was the principal article of English trade!"

"The sheep of England, my dear boy, have been long celebrated for their large fleeces, and for the wool being particularly well adapted to the manufacture of cloth. For many ages it was held in esteem on the continent. At first the fleece, when taken off the sheep, was sent into foreign countries. Queen Elizabeth prohibited its being sent abroad in a raw state, and invited many Flemish manufacturers to come

over to England to work it. Since that time, England has been exceedingly jealous of her wool, and at this day, besides making it into cloth, she does not even permit foreigners to come over to purchase the manufactured article, but sends it to them by her own merchants."

"And how is it made into cloth, papa?"

"The sheep after a good washing in a pond, has the wool shorn off its back, which is then dressed; that is, washed with a particular mixture, and beaten on hurdles of wood or ropes, to clear it of dust and grosser dirt; the next thing is to pick it well, to oil it, and to card it, as Edward told you with the flax, on wood full of iron wires; it is then combed on finer cards to prepare it for spinning; when spun, the the thread is stiffened with a mild glue, and afterwards woven into cloth. Being thus manufactured, it is washed, the nap cut off, then sent to the dyers, and lastly pressed under weights."

"What a great deal there is to do," said Arthur, "for me to have a coat made of sheep's wool."

"And yet, my dear boy, notwithstanding the vast numbers of hands, through which the wool passes before it can be made into the very coarsest cloth, the art in England, at this day, is brought to such perfection, and cloth may be manufactured with so much expedition, that not long ago, Sir John Throgmorton appeared at a dinner of the annual meeting of the farmers in Oxfordshire, with a coat, the wool of which had been shorn off the sheep that morning, had been dressed, and had passed through all the other processes, even that of being dyed a dark blue, which is the most difficult colour for wool to take."

"Wonderful! papa, why I should not have thought they could have dried it so many times, as it must have wanted—even if they had put it so near the fire, as almost to burn it."

"It is very surprising, Arthur, but I imagine they wished for once to see how soon they could finish a coat; they must have done every thing as quickly as possible—the taylor, as well as others who were employed, must have used his scissors and needle very fast."

"Yes, to be sure, papa—and the people must have ran very hard from one place to another—oh! it must have been a very busy sight!"

"This one instance," continued Mr. Wilmore, "strikes us as extraordinary, because it is unusual, but when we look upon the variety of things, which are in this room, and consider the many thousand hands which have been employed in preparing them, before they were brought here, it is equally extraordinary. In addition to the cloth makers, we must consider the number of merchants, carriers and shopkeepers engaged in disposing of it.

"In articles which come from abroad,

where navigation is concerned, there is a very great supply of hands required, such as ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, &c.

"The coat you now wear is, perhaps, indebted to these different persons for its colour—as the dyer often uses drugs which are brought from the remostest parts of the world.

"We might expatiate in the same way upon coal, iron, and every thing within our sight.

"A person unaccustomed to many luxuries, would be more astonished to feel himself dependent upon the labour of many hundred of his fellow men, for almost every thing he used, than to find a coat could be made in a day, after the art of making cloth had been explained to him. The honest day labourer, in this land, has more comforts and accommodations in his cottage from this united assistance, than many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and

liberties of ten thousand naked savages; and is as far exalted above him, in his mode of living, as the civilized prince is above the peasant."

"That's the reason, why England is so happy, papa, because almost all people work for one another, and then nobody is quite idle; I am glad I have found that out, and it all came from talking of wool—but did you not once say something of wool coming from a foreign market?"

"Some wool is brought from Spain, which is much finer than ours, and is useful to work with our own, though not alone."

"Then why don't they make wool as fine in England, papa?"

"The goodness of our own wool, my love, is thought partly to be owing to the sweet short grass found on our pastures and downs, on which the sheep live all the year. In Spain, some of the sheep are sent in companies from one part of the

kingdom to another, sometimes as much as five hundred miles apart; and thus travelling from clime to clime, always in the open air, promotes the fineness of the wool, whilst those that remain stationary have very coarse long hairy coats. I was reading the other day some account of their mode of travelling, which, perhaps, you will like to hear."

"That we shall," said Emma, "but papa, let me first fit my apron, which will make a bustle for a little while, as I have finished this handsome duster."

Arthur with the greatest glee handed his sister the apron, and begged to double up the other. This affair being settled, they were again quiet, when Mr. Wilmore began his narrative.

"These flocks pass the summer months in the mountains of Leon, Cuenca, and parts of Arragon and Castile, and the winter in the southern plains of Estrama-

dura, Andalusia and La Mancha. Towards the end of September, they set out for their winter destination. Their day's journey is as long and as well regulated as that of any army on its march. There being some days, in which, on account of the sterility of the track, and the consequent difficulty of finding food, they go upwards of twenty miles, an extraordinary circumstance in animals, which in a domestic state, are generally lazy and inactive. During the whole of their journey, the sheep have entire freedom of pasture in the plains and commons, and as they frequently traverse enclosed countries, roads are left for them, which by law, are obliged to be about seventy yards in breadth, that they may travel without inconvenience. After having passed through a barren track, and arriving at a wide and fruitful plain, they repay themselves for the fatigue of their long and painful journey, by feeding at their leisure as they walk along, but they

are never allowed a day of perfect repose, always advancing a few miles, and it is singular to see them follow their shepherds, without ceasing to eat, and with their heads always close to the ground.

" When the month of April arrives, either through instinct or the regular habit of moving their quarters, the flocks seem to be aware that the period is arrived for their removal. All the shepherds perceive the uncommon restlessness that is shown by the flocks, and which it is almost impossible to restrain. It has sometimes happened, when the shepherds were careless or asleep, that the sheep have proceeded as far as two or three leagues in search of their summer destination. During their journey, they undergo their sheering, in the province of Segoria, on the mountains which separate the two Castiles."

" Thank you, papa," said Emma, " that is a very entertaining account, but I could

not have supposed it possible, for sheep to have travelled so far without resting, they look so tender."

"How they look! why, Emma that's no rule," said Arthur, "for you know how much faster our greyhound goes, than the mastiff, yet it does not look half as strong."

"Yes, to be sure, Arthur, but do you not see how fit the greyhound is for running; it has long thin legs to take great strides, and a light slim body to carry, nothing can be better formed for going fast; but the sheep has short thin legs, and a thick heavy body, and is always fond of staying quietly at home."

"Emma, you are quite right," said her father, "however the sheep is not by nature that heavy dull creature, but man, in taking it under his protection, seems to have destroyed most of its natural inclinations. The moufflon, which is the sheep

in a savage state, is a bold fleet little creature, able to escape from the greatest animals by its swiftness, or to oppose those of the smaller kind by its horns—the defence nature has afforded it—whilst the sheep, in its domestic state, loses all activity, sets no bound to its appetite, and continues to graze till it becomes so fat and heavy, and so loaded with its fleece, that it is rendered slow and feeble."

"I am sorry, papa, it is grown so idle, because I don't like idle things." Arthur here pondered a minute, then raising his voice—"I don't like idle things, because they do nobody any good, and are only in the way—but are the sheep idle, papa? when they eat so much to render themselves fat for us, and to give us a great deal of wool to make us clothes to wear; and I am sure all of them are not great cowards, for only last summer, our little dog went into a field, where there was a

no great number of sheep, and instead of running away, many came and stood round him, and stared so hard at him, that he was quite frightened, and cried most piti-ously, till one of the men went and drove them away."

"They did so, to be sure, Arthur, but then he was a very little dog; a larger one generally makes the sheep scamper to all parts of the field; but still, we will not take away every kind of merit, but allow them for once to have been bold.

"And as to your first remark, I think we should hardly call them idle, because I must refer you to Mrs. Vincent's coral, in the wonderful laws that govern nature; for we find every animal, from man to an insect, provided with some means of subsistence and defence, and when they are wanting, something is given to supply the deficiency. The sheep, as we have seen in its wild nature, can

take care of itself; when protected by man, it is rendered defenceless; and then alone it becomes useful to him; if it never lost its wild nature and habits, man would reap but little benefit from its existence.

CHAPTER VII.

THOMAS now entering with the tray for dinner, the party was disturbed—Arthur ran to play with his top; and Emma hastened to put aside her work.

"I wonder, papa," said Arthur, "who made the first top?"

"That's more than any man living can tell you," replied Edward.

"Why should that be, brother, because papa seems to know when almost every thing was first made."

"I hope Arthur, I possess a good deal of information," remarked his father, "but I trust you will have made far greater progress, when you shall have attained my age. Now you must ask Edward why it is im-

possible to find out, who made, or who played with the first top."

"Because," said Edward, "the amusements and diversions of men have risen and fallen continually, but in the very oldest decorations and pictures that remain, childrens games are painted nearly the same as at this day, and some have traced their antiquity still higher: so that there is no knowing in what period lived the inventor or maker of tops"

With this answer, Arthur went away again, and the top span many times its buzzing round, till becoming entangled with the carpet he felt rather vexed that it fell so often and said he hoped, the little boys in the old pictures had no carpets to throw down their tops."

"No, certainly not," said his brother.

"What! had they no carpets any where, Edward?"

"No, indeed, not in the grandest houses, Arthur!—you know when Henry the

II reigned, Becket a priest, his greatest favorite, lived in splendor, and did almost every thing he pleased, even with the king, as may be seen in the story of the beggar."

"What was that brother?" said Arthur.

Edward replied, "As Becket and the king were once riding through London together, and seeing a wretched shivering beggar, the king observed, it would be a good deed to give that poor creature a coat,' "True," said Becket, "and you Sire, may let him have yours."—"He shall have yours," said Henry, and after a hearty scuffle, in which they nearly dismounted each other, Becket proved himself the weakest, and his coat was allotted to the astonished mendicant."

"That's curious indeed, but what about the carpets, Edward?"

"Why, that Becket, though he lived like the king, had no carpets nor any thing like them.—When he gave great banquets, he was obliged in winter to have his rooms

covered with clean hay or straw, and in summer with green boughs or rushes, lest his guests, not finding seats at his table, should soil their gay clothes by sitting on the floor."

"A very strange thing to be sure," said Arthur, "that they should have fine clothes, and no carpets, I wonder they did not cover the floor with some of the cloth of which they made their coats.—They were stupid people I think, to put green boughs to walk upon—I should have been afraid of catching my foot in them, and of falling down."

"The English at that time," continued Edward, "knew very few of our luxuries, though they lived grandly compared to former ages; but I will give you a longer account of their manners, and style of living at another time.—I must now put away my desk as dinner is coming on the table; and a very good sight it is, for I am almost as hungry as I felt yesterday."

Arthur on the cloth being was removed, came round to his brother, requesting to hear the promised account.—" Indeed Arthur," said he throwing himself back in his chair, " my dinner has made me feel so lazy, I don't like the trouble of telling you the whole history."

"Now, you only say so to teaze me, Edward, you can easily tell me if you like. Papa says, people ought to learn a great many things, not only to please themselves, but to make them better, and more agreeable to others, and if you don't tell me this story, you won't be at all agreeable— When I go to college, and read all those great books, I'll tell any little boys the stories they want to hear."

" Indeed you are a most importunate beggar ;—but have a little mercy on my coat, that button hole has done no harm, that it should be so pulled about in all directions. And if I must begin this long account, at least let me seat myself comfortably, otherwise perhaps, my feet, or

hands or arms being cramped, I shall think so much of them, that it will prevent the subject from flowing as you would desire."

Just as Arthur, standing before his brother, had settled his face in his usual inquiring look, the door opened, and their landlord bowing as he approached, begged pardon for thus interrupting them—but said, as Thomas had told his wife, that Miss Wilmore was in want of tape, to finish the work she was doing for a poor person, he had taken the liberty of bringing her a piece which was made by a very poor, but worthy old woman, who lived near the village."

Mr. Wilmore expressed himself much obliged for his attention, and said he should be glad to become a purchaser of some of the tape.

Emma then began to see how much would be wanted.

"You need not measure, my dear girl," said her father, "since our landlord has

given so good a character of the maker, you had better take the whole piece—it will be useful at another time."

On Mr. Wilmore's giving a shilling instead of a six-pence, he was surprised at the pleasure that beamed in the landlord's countenance.

"Is the poor woman in very indigent circumstances," said he, "for whom you have taken that money?"

"Very badly off, indeed sir. It is only a few weeks since I found her out, and it made my heart ache to think I had so long lived here, with many comforts about me, while an old, lame, and blind creature, was suffering the cruel pangs of poverty; obliged to labour for her little pittance, and though often in great pain from her broken limb, compelled to do every thing for herself."

"How was it you never heard of her before?" asked Mr Wilmore, "is she not known in the village?"

" She is known, sir, by some people, but notwithstanding all her difficulties, she makes no complaint, and is not accustomed to beg even of her neighbours; I recollect however once hearing her name mentioned at our parish club, when we were giving away some clothing, and that she sent to request a blanket. She was old and blind, and still continued to labour for her support; I petitioned in her behalf for two blankets, but without effect, for it was thought that if she had required them, she would have sent for more than one. But we must not always judge of the assistance that is required, by the appearance or by the cries of want.—The humble contented mind of this poor creature makes her appear happy, although she is often in want of the common necessaries of life, and having no kind friend or relative near her, it has been her fate to labour alone from early life.—Her bobbins, which except at her meals, are at work from five

in the morning till eight at night, are always accompanied by hymns of praise and thankfulness.

"She generally gains about fourteen-pence, sometimes eighteen-pence a week; with these little earnings she buys all her own food, clothes and firing.

"Poor, but happy old woman," said Mr. Wilmore, "she deserves our sympathy but not our pity. So contented a frame of mind, is too great a treasure to need many more enjoyments, and places her in a far happier situation, than all the gold the world could procure."

"Does she live far from hence?"

"I should think, sir, about a mile and a quarter."

"When did you get these tapes and bobbins?"

"I brought them, sir, from her cottage the day before yesterday, in order to try and sell them for her, and I am sure she will thankfully receive your shilling. You are the first customer I have found."

The remaining parcels were purchased by Emma, when the kind landlord looked as much gratified, as though a favour were conferred upon himself. The sum amounting to a few shillings, he gladly received, and thanking his guests withdrew.

"The weather is now clearing up," said Mr. Wilmore, and proposing to Emma and Arthur a ride to this poor weaver's, they both answered, "we should like it of all things, and then we shall see how a blind woman can make tape!"

Arthur was then told to ring the bell, which in his zeal he pulled so hard, that the line not able to bear such hasty commands, broke and fell to the ground.

"My dear boy, you should not be so impatient, your ringing the bell so violently would not bring Thomas a moment the sooner. And you have had experience enough to find that impatience generally defeats its own ends. Time is required to complete every thing, you may move quickly from one object to another, but

whilst you are employed, a steady progress always proves the best ; a gentle pull would have effected your purpose, but now you must go and see for Thomas."

In a short time they were all seated in the carriage, with their landlord on the box to show them the way.

They alighted at the entrance of a lane, too narrow to admit of more than foot passengers ; and soon ascending the hill, they gained an extensive view of the country.

"If this were but a fine day, papa," exclaimed Emma, "how beautiful the scenery would appear ! I am enraptured with these dells and mountains, they make every thing so interesting !"

On a ledge of the hill stood a little cottage, formed of turf and stones, shaded on each side by tall trees. To this humble roof they bent their steps. The landlord, on lifting the latch of the door, told a neat looking old woman, whose countenance bore the marks of age, but at the same

time was calm and sweetly placid, that a gentleman and his family, who had kindly bought at double its price, all the little stock, which he had taken home the other day, were now come to see her."

"*Mony!* a blessing rest o' their heads, for their goodness to me," said the blind weaver, as she rose from her stool, "my great Father, sends me so *mony* comforts in my old age, that I *canna* speak o'em, but praise him *ay my heart*, and hope he will *gie* ye a blessing for me."

"A greater reward nobody would desire for any act, my good woman," said Mr. Wilmore, "but don't trouble yourself to move your frame away, I have some young people with me, who will be much pleased to see you make your bobbin; but at your time of life it must be hard work to sit so much."

"There's a blessing, sir, on every state for him that will but take it; I *needs* no more than in mercy is sent me; my bobbins shuffle and shuffle from side to side,

and learn me to turn, *aye* and to bend, to my great Master's will. Had I wanted more He would have given it me!"

Arthur and Emma could not help remarking the neatness of the cottage, and all within it.

"I wonder," said Emma, "how you keep every thing so clean, without your sight."

"That makes little difference to me, my lady, once on a time, I had my sight, and then loved every thing so bright, that *ne'er* a speck was seen; now my fingers serve me, and feel *e'en* the leastest bit *o'* dirt— 'Tis one of my pleasures to hobble about my little room, and put all nice and neat, and rub the bricks.—Though I *ar* not much time for that either."

"Do you weave all the day, and every day in the year?" said Arthur.

"No, sir, not *ar* Sundays, nor *ar* washing days, nor *ar* baking days; *There's ennow* to do them."

"Why you must bake a good deal, to occupy all the day," said Mr. Wilmore.

"'Tis *na'* a great deal I want, sir, but still a body must live, and a cake or two a day wants a good *mony* to last a *munth.*"

"What," cried Arthur, "do you make your bread last a month; why it must be very stale?"

"Not very stale; I makes *em* into thin cakes, and bakes *'em* on a stone over my fire, and piles *'em* in a corner of the room, I dare say you can see *'em.*"

Arthur ran to touch one of these cakes, which before he thought had been some kind of *turf clods* for the fire, and finding them as hard as a bit of wood, he held one up in complete surprise.

"May I ask," said Mr. Wilmore, "of what these cakes are made?"

"They be oatmeal and water, sir; and very *gude* for one that *ar* nothing better."

"But surely," continued Mr. Wilmore,

" you cannot live entirely upon such sort of food."

" No, sir, though I *breaks* my bread in thankfulness, yet I *gets* at breakfast a half-pennyworth of blue milk, some potatoes when I can *o'* dinner, and *mony's* the time my *gude* neighbours *gie* me some butter-milk, that I thicken with my bread *o'* supper; and here and there in a year a bit *o'* meat."

" The mind that is happy in itself can enjoy any thing, and that seems to be your case, my good woman. But do you never feel uneasy, lest you should not get your usual supplies?"

" Oh dear! no, sir, so much care *o'* love and mercy is taken *o'* me, that I *ne'er* yet *a'* wanted a mouthful, but I soon had a *somewhat*; when my tapes one moon would not sell, and I had *a'* most *ge'en* my last penny, I thought my God was still near me, and he could feed me by the ravens if he pleased, so I paid my last pence,

and had nought for the morrow, not *e'en* a cake in my cabin; still I trusted in my Father, and sang my hymns *o'* praise; breakfast I had none, but *afore* mid-day, a *gude* neighbour came to take some bobbins, to try and sell *'em* at the next fair, and *gee'd* me two shillings before he took *'em*. So I *ne'er* now look *wi'* dread on to-morrow, knowing my God is always *wi'* me, and will either feed me, or call me *a* heaven—aye, and to a heaven where there is peace so sweet, that my *joyfu* heart *canna, winna* murmur, at what he sends me, before I meet him there."

"I don't think I could be so happy to make bobbins all day, and have only these hard things to eat as you are," said Arthur, addressing the poor weaver, "but I am not blind, perhaps you were not so happy when you could see like me."

"Aye, my young master, it was *n'a* being blind made me so *joyfu,'* but it was trying to

do all my heart told me was right. And what I could *na* do *mysel*, I prayed my Father to do for me, and it was he sent me comfort, as mickle when I could see, as now I *cannot*."

Emma was so struck with the resignation and contentment of the poor weaver, that she seemed lost in reflection, as she silently beheld her animated countenance. Then casting a glance round the room, she mused with equal attention upon its contents; which could only boast of white washed stones for the walls; of a low bedstead without any heading; a wide chimney with a few sticks on the hearth, a jug, bason or two, &c. a table with a couple of drawers, a stool and the weaving machine. Never before had contentment been presented to Emma's view in so simple a garb, and as she had little expected to find it in a lowly cot, destitute of the usual comforts of life, she was charmed with the novelty of the discovery, when

Arthur's sudden exclamation, that the piece of tape was finished, roused her from her reflections.

"Why, how fast you have worked from that knot," said Arthur, "well, I shall always think of your bobbins, when I see any tape; and I have a great mind to buy old Stevenson some, when I get home, and tell her how happy you are, because you are good, and how you make the tape. Won't you take this piece Emma?"

"You *be* very good to take so much of me, I *ha'* not seen *sic* kind gentlefolks for *mony* a long day, but the *gude* gentleman who showed you here. May my God rest *o'er* your heads, as the dew *'o* heaven, his kind love and mercy, for so helping of me."*

Having given her about twelve shillings, the party bade adieu to this peaceful little habitation, and found the carriage waiting at the end of the lane.

* The account of this poor woman is founded upon fact.

" Here," said Mr. Wilmore, " we have all received a lesson of contentment, which I hope will not be entirely lost upon us. Consider how many gratifications surround us, whilst this poor woman, possesses few comforts to cheer the dark solitude of her days. But truly it seems, as if the want of outward light, had only turned her attention to a glorious sun in her own mind, which gilds all her thoughts, with the brightest rays of happiness.

" Contrast her state, with that of Potemkin, the favorite friend and minister, of the great Catherine of Russia. At the height of his glory, when possessing riches that would astonish you, and in a situation to obtain whatever the vast territories of Russia could supply, he found his mind a prey to discontent, a dismal waste, in which not one blooming flower of happiness, enlivened his prospect. He was fatigued with the burden of his existence, envious of all around him;

rest was not grateful, nor occupation pleasing to him. Now can you conceive any thing more miserable than this picture of Potemkin ?"

" Oh ! papa, I am sorry he was so unhappy—but what made him so ?"

" Ambition, my dear boy, was the sole impulse of his actions, and was the cause of all his uneasiness ; because it was not an ambition which desired to merit the esteem of himself or of his fellow-creatures, but that only, which led him to aim at grasping all the power and benefits, which were within his reach.

" He was a man of great capacity, and with grand and extensive views, he became most useful to his sovereign. In order to obtain his object, nothing could exceed the activity of his mind. No dangers could appal his courage, no difficulties force him to abandon his projects. But the success of an enterprise, always brought

on disgust; and at its conclusion he sunk into a kind of lethargy."

"What a miserable man, papa!"

"To give you some idea of the state, to which his mind was at length reduced, from never having had any laudable motive in view, I will tell you some circumstances, recorded of him at a time, when he had obtained all he could desire,—not the title of Emperor to be sure, but the second rank in the empire, possessing almost as much authority as the Empress herself. Wearied with a continual round of pleasure and dissipation, and having neither any t[illegible] to hope, nor any thing to agitat[illegible]nd, he felt a langour and depress[illegible] that made the hours pass away heavi[illegible] and during the last winter which he spent in St. Petersburgh, he amused himself for hours, during the long evenings, in playing with his diamonds, which, on a table covered with black velvet, and kept for the purpose, he arranged in various

forms, such as circles, crosses, and fanciful figures, considering and admiring each diamond, before he placed it, and selecting the situation best suited for it. On one of these evenings, the thought occurred to him, to weigh his diamonds; which were found to amount to several pounds. He frequently amused himself, by pouring his diamonds from one hand into another, as children play with little shells or dried peas.

"But papa," said Arthur, "what a great deal of money he must have had, to buy so many diamonds."

"Many of them," replied Mr. Wilmore, "were given to him by the Empress, but do you not recollect that I told you, his riches were immense. It was at that time not an uncommon thing in Russia, for people suddenly to amass riches, particularly when they were favorites at court. Potemkin from being a private in the guards, was, as I have already mentioned, raised to the highest rank in the kingdom,

and was continually receiving great presents from the Empress. A person once speaking in his presence, of a valuable library, prince Potemkin said, he had one of greater worth, than the most learned man in Europe; and on opening a book-case, there appeared several shelves of books, which however on being taken down, were discovered to be nothing more than boxes, gilt and lettered at the backs, and filled with bank assignats, rouleaux of imperials, ducats, in short, various kinds of Russian money, to an amazing amount."

"What could he do, papa, with so much," said Arthur.

"He squandered it, my dear boy, very foolishly; being always eager to procure the most costly things of every kind. He had ten or a dozen violins of exorbitant price, one amongst others of six thousand rubles value;—yet he never played on a violin in his life, and they were all either injured by the dust, or demolished by the rats."

"He did not," said Edward, "follow his sovereign's example, for she often made a noble use of her riches."

Here they stopped once more at the inn, and as it was quite dusk, Mr. Wilmore desired Emma and Arthur to hasten in preparing for tea, as he wished to have it directly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Loud voices in the room over the parlour, where Mr Wilmore and Edward were sitting, soon assailed their ears.

"What's the matter, with those two chatterers--I wonder," said Edward. "That's Arthur's voice, I am sure."

"And exerted in a tone not the most gentle," replied Mr. Wilmore, "I am afraid he is disputing with Emma."

"Very likely he is," said Edward, "for a more determined little fellow this world never saw, till he is assured of the reason why and wherefore."

"But he must learn to curb his spirit, and to put a stop to this high tone."

Here Mr. Wilmore left the room, and going up stairs, knocked at their door, which being instantly opened, he beheld

Arthur standing in the middle of the room, with an air of great importance, his arm a kimbo, his face rouged up to his very forehead, and every feature swelled with anger.

"What am I to understand, my children, is the cause of the noise, I have just heard—I hope there has been no contention between you."

"Only papa," said Emma, "I desired Arthur to leave off trying to whistle, and to change his shoes."

"And I did change my shoes!" returned Arthur.

"But, Arthur, you kept on whistling when I requested you not."

"Because I asked you, why you wanted me to be quiet, and you only said, "do as I bid you," now as I saw no harm in making a noise, I could not leave off till you told me your reasons for wishing it."

"And why, Emma," inquired Mr. Wilmore, "did you wish Arthur to be quiet?"

"Because, papa, my head ached, and as I was thinking of the poor weaver, it teazed me to hear such a buzzing."

Why then, my love, did you not say so to your brother at once; I dare say he would have desisted directly."

"That I would in a moment, papa, if she had told me it hurt her head."

"But," said Mr. Wilmore, "though Emma was wrong in refusing to explain herself, I cannot excuse you, Arthur, for opposing her request. Were we not to attend to these little opportunities of obliging one another, we should lose a great portion of happiness, and endanger the loss of domestic tranquillity, by frequent contentions."

"But, papa, if you had heard Emma just now, you would have been almost as vexed as I was, for she said that girls are as great as boys, and I am sure she is mistaken, because men are superior to women."

At this Mr. Wilmore could not help smiling, but looking as serious as possible, he desired the little hero to compose himself, as there was danger of his appearing to have the wrong side of the question, it being a general remark, that the weakest antagonist is the warmest, This observation immediately lowered Arthur's crest of assumed importance, he begged however, that his father would convince Emma, that women were inferior to men; for he thought as he was a boy, she ought to ask, and not to command him to do any thing.

"That is a plan which I hope you will both practise, as a domineering spirit would be unsuitable for either of you to assume; but Emma being some years older than yourself, she must have acquired superior information and prudence; which, her being a lady, cannot disqualify her from exerting for your benefit. And I trust you are not for lowering the rank, which women hold in polished life, as the friends

and companions of men. In some parts of the world, women to be sure are made to work like slaves, and to do all the hard labour for their families, whilst the men are idle and selfish." Arthur's countenance brightening up at this last account, his father continued. "But if you permit them to hold so high a rank, as to be your friends, you must not object to their performing the kindest act any one can do, that of tell- you of your faults. And if you conduct yourself with the dignity of a man, instead of being angry, when you feel yourself improperly blamed, you should mildly represent the error."

"Then, Emma," said Arthur, holding out his hand as he advanced, "I hope you will pardon me for being so angry just now, because you were a little in the wrong."

Emma, with a sweet forgiving countenance, assured him she did so entirely and was sorry she had behaved so foolishly herself. With cheerful merry looks they now descended the stairs, and found Edward still

reading, but on their entrance, he laid aside his book, and making a low bow to the young champions, expressed his pleasure that their eloquent argument, (for such he supposed it must have been, from the exertion of voice it required,) was finished in time for him to be favoured with a cup of tea before midnight. Arthur beginning to look very stately, Mr. Wilmore whispered to Edward, not to carry his jokes too far; who then playfully taking Emma by the hand, requested the honour of leading her to the tea-table, of presenting her with a chair, the cady, sugar bason, and at the same time offered his services to assist her in any other way.

"Well Edward," replied Emma, "I cannot think what is come to you; you are quite troublesomely officious."

"Oh! Edward, what a mistake you have made," said Arthur laughing, "you have put that lump of sugar in the cream

jug. That shows, papa," resumed he gravely, "Edward was not intended for women's employments."

"What a philosopher!" rejoined Edward, laughing aloud; "I never heard any thing better—do you not know many a man has made tea for himself, morning and evening, for years?"

"Yes, I believe I do," replied Arthur, "when I think again; I recollect uncle Joseph made tea when he lived at the cottage."

"But whatever could make your wise head imagine that pouring out tea was only a fit employment for women?"

"Our talking about such things up stairs made me think of it."

"A comical sort of conversation to be sure. May I beg the favor of knowing a little more of what passed on the occasion."

A degree of confusion being evident in both parties, Mr. Wilmore gayly smiled

at Edward for his curiosity. But when they became more composed, he said Edward might perhaps help to elevate women to a sphere rather higher than the one, in which Arthur had been pleased to place them.

"I am entirely at the ladies disposal," replied he, "and shall be proud," waving his hand towards Emma, as he spoke, "to enlist myself as an advocate under their banners. But has Arthur been decrying their merits?"

"No, brother, I did not say they had no merits."

"But you ought not to have allowed the slightest attack upon their powers, for great deeds and great actions, I can tell you they have done; and can bring forward a whole army to assault you."

Surely that is impossible, brother, because women are so weak, they would soon be frightened, and they never think of doing any thing new."

"There, I must beg your pardon," said Edward, "for women have frequently effected things that are original, and certainly, in many instances, have acted with astonishing firmness."

"But to begin the subject, does Arthur," said Mr. Wilmore, "know what fortitude is?"

"Going on," answered Arthur, "and not being frightened away, papa."

"By not being frightened away," observed Mr. Wilmore, "I suppose you mean to infer, not being deterred from following the path of duty, by any difficulty. Now it can be of little importance, whether the point in view appear small or great; provided it be constantly and steadily pursued. Where the action is obvious to every one, the applause accompanying it, is a strong motive for exerting every nerve to obtain it. I think therefore it does not deserve so much esteem, as that fortitude, which is exercised in the daily

occurrences of life, wherein little credit is gained by endeavouring to subdue pride, anger, fretfulness, or by heroically bearing trifling vexations and mortifications. To these trials, I think I may say women are more subject, and frequently bear them with greater fortitude than men."

"Because, papa, I suppose they are obliged," said Arthur.

"Not at all so, my love," replied Mr. Wilmore, "a woman may continue peevish and troublesome to those about her, whether or not, she have many trifles to annoy her; indeed if she do not endeavour to correct her disposition, the more trials she meets with, the worse she will become. And therefore, when she can resist so effectually in these *petit wars*, may we not suppose she would act nobly, were she called into a greater field of action."

"Yes, papa, if women were strong enough!"

"You think perhaps," continued Mr.

Wilmore, "if they were placed in a difficult situation, they would run away to save themselves, rather than firmly support those about them, by facing the enemy. That was not the case however with Joan Beaufort, wife of James the I. of Scotland. A conspiracy having been formed against her husband, he sought an asylum in an abbey at Perth, whither his wife accompanied him. But a servant in the place having been bribed by two of the ruffians, they were admitted into the chamber where the royal guests were lodged. The queen, as they rushed into the room, threw herself between their weapons, and the body of her husband; but her interposition was vain; after receiving two wounds, she was torn from the arms of the unfortunate monarch, who fell a victim to his merciless pursuers."

"Ah! but James was her husband," said Arthur, "that was very different from regular fighting."

"Then I can tell you, Arthur, an instance of military warfare, in which the lady was distinguished by her courage and spirit. In the time of the civil wars in 1640, Lord Arundel remained attached to the king's party; this being soon noticed by the opposite side, the parliamentary forces, amounting to thirteen hundred men, took advantage of his absence from home, by surrounding his castle in Wiltshire, whilst only twenty-five fighting men were within its walls to defend it. Lady Arundel refused to deliver up the fortress, declaring with magnanimity, that she had the orders of her lord to retain it—and those orders she was determined to obey. On receiving this reply, the cannon were drawn up, and the battery commenced firing. During the siege two mines were sprung, by the explosion of which, every room in the fortress became shaken and endangered. The besiegers offered more than once to give quarter to the women

and children, on condition, that the besieged should surrender their arms. But the ladies of the family, disdaining to sacrifice to their own safety, their brave friends and faithful servants, with whom they choose rather to perish, rejected the proposal with merited scorn. Oppressed by numbers, wearied by exertion, and exhausted by watching, the strength of the besieged at length began to fail: in this extremity, the ladies and female servants, assisted in loading the muskets, besides administering refreshments to their intrepid defenders. The enemy having brought petards, applied them to the garden doors, which they endeavoured to force, and open a passage to the castle; balls of wild fire were at the same time thrown into the dismantled windows. In this distress, when every hope was cut off, the besieged demanded a parley, which being granted by the enemy, lady Arundel at length deliver-

ed up the fortress, but only upon honourable terms."

"That quite surprises me, papa," said Arthur, "I did not think that a woman could have acted with such courage."

"Courage," replied Edward, "is not confined to either sex, though less frequently called forth in the one, than in the other. Blanche of Castile, displayed more courage than her soldiers, in protecting some poor persecuted creatures, who, through the fanaticism of the priests, languished in the prisons of the Chapter in Paris. She was, at that time Regent in France for her son Louis the 11th, who was engaged in wars in the Holy Land. On expressing her desire that they might be released, the priests became incensed, alledging that the prisoners were their subjects, over whom the civil power had no authority. In defiance of Blanche, and in proof of the power, which they thus assumed, they seized also on the women

and children. The sufferings of the prisoners being thus aggravated, many of them perished of famine and pestilential disorders. The Regent, indignant at a despotism so insolent and inhuman, determined to exert against these merciless oppressors, the last argument—that of force; proceeding with her guards to the prison gates, she commanded them to be opened. The soldiers hesitating to obey, she struck the first blow with a stick she held in her hand. The stroke being instantly seconded by their weapons, the gates were destroyed in a moment, when a crowd of miserable wretches came forwards, in tattered garments, and with squalid and disfigured faces. Casting themselves at the feet of the Queen, they implored her protection, without which, the grace she had conferred upon them would only serve to aggravate their distress. Promising to comply with their request, she took effectual measures to fulfil her engagement."

"I like her for that," said Arthur, "how happy she must have been to open the gates of so shocking a prison."

"Besides evincing courage, this Queen," continued Edward, "displayed in the course of her life, all the prudence, address, policy and firmness of a great mind. She was beloved by her husband Louis the 10th, who confided to her all his designs, and during his life, it was through her mediation that every favour was conferred. The king dying when his eldest son was an infant, she became Regent of the kingdom, when, Arthur, she showed the world, that some women are capable of doing great things; for the whole of the regency was a warfare of successive factions among the people, which the spirit and vigour of Blanche by turns subdued. In time of war, she visited the camp in person, surveyed the quarters of the soldiers, and attended to their wants. While she manifested in every situation, equal fortitude,

ability and resource, she endeared herself to her subjects by acts of benevolence and justice, by the vigour of her administration, and by the care she bestowed upon the education of her son."

"What a capital woman!" cried Arthur, "she beats all I ever heard or thought of. I should not mind being commanded by her."

"Nor by any other woman I hope," said his father, "so long as she commanded with reason. Boys are particularly indebted to women; not only for the care they take of them during childhood, but they are often obliged to them for the principles and tastes which govern their future lives. The great Alfred, who rendered England so many services, of which you may remember we read the other day, was indebted to his mother, even in *that* ignorant age, for his delight in literature. Again, Anne of Austria, at the death of her husband Louis the 13th, was left Re-

gent of France, till her son Louis the 14th was of age. During his infancy, in the midst of civil commotions, and the agitations of the state, she never transferred to another the duties of a parent. The first lessons of Louis were received from her lips; while she anxiously guarded him from those persons, whose precepts or example might corrupt his inexperienced youth. With equal assiduity she sought to form his manners, and to communicate to him a portion of that gentleness, grace and amenity, by which she was herself so eminently distinguished, and which by giving him, as he advanced to manhood, an ascendancy over all hearts, rendered the court of France the most polished in Europe. Neither did she neglect to inspire him with those noble and magnanimous sentiments, which became his elevated rank, without suffering him to be intoxicated with its advantages She taught him to engage the affections of those around him, and to aspire to reign

in their hearts. Such conduct every noble heart must feel and admire. Many other instances I could name in the high, as well as the more humble walks of life, where the individual himself, and his countrymen after him, are greatly indebted to the mother's ability and information."

"Now, master Arthur, I think you must lay down your arms, and yield to us, for surely you never can stand this long attack."

"Stay a little, brother, you are in such a hurry; I don't believe you have yet said they can teach men, though they teach boys."

"I think," said Mr. Wilmore, "Edward has shown you that Queen Blanche could teach crown heads to reign well. Now what other example shall I mention?"

"I have determined upon one," said Edward. "You have heard of the famous Greek philosophers, who enlightened the world with a variety of knowledge, and

yet it was to the abilities of a woman of the name of Aspasia, that some of them owed much of their instruction. Her house at Athens was the resort of wit and talents. Professors, philosophers, orators and politicians, the first and most illustrious citizens of Greece were there assembled. Socrates visited her, professed himself her disciple, and acknowledged that it was from her precepts and example, he had acquired the art of rhetoric, or speaking with propriety and elegance. And in a passage of Xenophon it is said of her, that in learning and rhetoric, her precepts excelled even those of Socrates himself. She was also celebrated for her poetical talents. This surely is a strong proof that women can learn, and teach. To give you an instance in more recent times. A lady in Lancashire of the name of Baynard, at the age of twenty-three, had acquired the knowledge of a professed philosopher, being

mistress of astronomy, mathematics and physics; and familiar with the ancient writings in their original languages. To the endowments of the mind, she added the virtues of the heart, and was modest, humble, and benevolent. In my pocket-book, I have a short account of a few remarks she made before her death, which if you will fetch me, I will read to you."

Away ran Arthur, and returning with his prize, he waited eagerly to hear its contents. Edward then began as follows:

"She earnestly recommended all young people to the study of wisdom and knowledge, as the means of moral improvement and real happiness."

"I could wish," she says, "that all young persons might be exhorted to the practice of virtue; to increase their knowledge by the study of philosophy, and more particularly to read the great book of na-

ture, where they may see the wisdom and power of the Creator, in the order of the universe, and in the production and preservation of all things. That women are capable of such improvements, as will enlarge their judgments and understandings, is past all doubt, would they but set about it in earnest, and spend but half of that time in study and thinking, which they do in visits, vanity and folly. It would introduce a composure of mind, and lay a solid basis for wisdom and knowledge, by which they would be better enabled to serve their God, and to help their neighbour."

Here Edward closed the book, and returned it to Arthur.

"Is there nothing more, brother you can read? I am sure it appears full of small writing."

"Another time, perhaps, I may indulge you, but now, if you wish for any tea to

night, you must no longer delay taking it."

Arthur thought he could do very well without any tea; but on being desired by his father to go round and take his chair, he soon found he had not lost his appetite.

CHAPTER IX.

JUST as Arthur had finished his tea, he turned to his sister, and exclaimed, "Emma! among all the talking which there has been to-night, poor Susan has almost been forgotten; I am quite afraid you will not finish her things—I almost wish I could work."

"There's no reason to be so alarmed, Arthur, I cannot complete them in a few minutes, but there is an hour or two before bed time, and if they are not then done, I can rise a little earlier in the morning."

"So you can," replied Arthur, "that is settling it very comfortably, but do you think you shall wake?"

" I hope so, Arthur, but I wish the morning may be fine, because I am ashamed to be idle when every thing looks gay abroad, and birds are singing, and men beginning their cheerful morning labours."

" I hope, my dear girl, will always encourage such feelings," rejoined her father, " for people may gradually indulge themselves in idleness and repose, till they acquire a degree of indolence, as ridiculous as it is hurtful and improper "

" Aye," said Edward, " and make themselves the laughing stock of all that hear them mentioned, like the Sybarites of old, who grown opulent and luxurious, carried their delicacy so far, that they carefully removed from their city all the artificers, whose works were noisy, and banished every cock, lest its shrill piercing crow should disturb their balmy slumbers."

" Oh! Edward, surely that must be a story of your own invention, I think no-

body would be such a simpleton as to do so."

"Indeed, I assure you, it is a fact, you may read of it nearly in the same words in Rollin's Ancient History, and to show you the probability of my tale, I will tell you, that this fine city was at last little benefitted by its luxury, for it injured the morals of the people, which produced dissention and discord, that led to its final ruin. The less powerful party called in the aid of some neighbouring states to assist them, who, after a bloody battle ended the affair, by taking possession of the city themselves, and driving away its old inhabitants."

"That was a hard thing, but they deserved it," said Arthur. "And now Emma the tea things are going, won't you get your work? I'll fetch your box, and begin my job of threading the needles."

"Edward. don't you think the Sybarites would have disliked to have heard those verses of Watts' on the sluggard,

with which I was so angry one day, when somebody repeated them to me, at the foot of my bed, because I was idle?"

"Yes, I dare say, they would have been displeased at being disturbed for such a trifle. Besides people who know they neither act properly, nor strive to improve, are always very much provoked to have their faults even hinted at, much more to be plainly told of them."

"But," inquired Emma, "does it not show a little mind, Edward, to feel hurt at being reminded of our faults, for I know papa says, it is the sign of a great mind to bear censure well."

"*Undoubtedly* it is Emma, but we often see even *those*, who are termed great men, very tenacious on that point."

"Then brother, I think," said Arthur, "when they cannot bear their faults to be mentioned, they ought to be called little, because a man's learning cannot be of half

the consequence, as his knowing how to be good."

"Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray was just of your opinion," observed Edward, "and earnestly requested his friends to tell him his faults, not even to spare him if they imagined they discovered one, which he did not possess. This excellent man desired reproof, in order to protect him from being exalted by his station in the world. He used to say the higher my character is raised, the more I ought to be humbled—The great empress of Russia, Catharine the second, who possessed almost unlimited authority, bore reproof better than her courtiers. Being one day present at a lecture, she proposed an objection to some observations, which the lecturer had the courage to refuse, and explained himself to her satisfaction. But her courtiers, unaccustomed to hear a literary man utter an opinion contrary to that of their sovereign, took fire at his pre-

sumption, though the Empress acknowledged she had been led into a mistake, and thanked the academecian for having explained it with so much ability. Observing at the same time the displeasure of the master of the college, she took the opportunity as he handed her to her carriage, to repeat her thanks to the professor. This however did not prevent the president of the college from punishing this worthy man, by turning him out of his place, and even from his lodgings."

"That was very shameful of the president," said Arthur, "and if I had been Catharine, I would have dismissed him from his place in the college."

"You may be sure, Arthur, whenever you see a person very much roused at reproof, that if the opportunity occurred, he would behave with equal culpability as Catharine's favourite, but such conduct would make a person look very little, and

certainly he could have no desire to improve himself."

"Well, next time I do any thing wrong, will you tell me Edward, because I will try to bear it, and then you shall see I have a mind superior to that of Catharine's favourite."

"Look!" said Edward, "how famously Emma gets on with her apron. O! Arthur, to think of your publishing so soon your sister's want of rapidity."

"Now, Edward, it is really a pity," said Emma, "you have nothing better to do than to watch me, for you have quite defeated my hopes. I wanted to finish the apron before Arthur found it out."

"Shall I cut the tape, Emma?" said Arthur. "I suppose the woman will not take much more to go round her, than I do."

"Here, come round to me," said Edward, "I'll fit it to a nicety."

"No, brother, I am too wise for that

you want to play me some trick. Emma, you need not be afraid of my cutting the string too short, for I am going to make great bows and long ends. Won't that do! It is a pleasant thing to work for Susan, don't you think so Emma?"

"You seem to think it, at any rate, a pleasant thing to see *me* work for her," said Emma laughing, "for it makes you chatter so fast, I can hardly remember your questions—I wonder what the Indians of whom Edward and I were reading the other day, would think of you."

"What would they think, Emma?"

"Why I can scarcely tell, only I suppose they would think of you, as they do of all Europeans, whose vivacity they treat with the greatest contempt, observing of them, that in their conversation they continually interrupt each other, and frequently several speak at once, whilst the Indians themselves never give an opi-

nion, before they have well considered their subject."

"What Indians do you mean, Emma? because you talk of Indians in so many places."

"Those Indians of whom we were reading, were natives of America."

"Besides our mode of speaking," said Edward, "they have a dread of some of our customs; I was much amused with a curious account one of their chiefs gave of the sad consequences of introducing spirits amongst them; it is written in the beautiful simplicity that characterises their language, and if Arthur will once more give me my pocket book, I will read it."

"I thought," said Arthur, there must be something good in that full written book; but Edward, I suppose, means to make us curious, and then to favour us now and then."

"As to that," replied Edward, "you may think as you like, little sage one; but

I have promised to read you this account, so give me my book."

"Extract of a letter from an Indian Chief, of the Stockbridge nation, to Colonel Pickering one of the commissioners appointed by the President of the United States, for holding a treaty with the six nations at Canandaigua in the Fall, 1794.

"There is a powerful strong man, that has long declared war against all the nations of Indians, and made dreadful havoc amongst them. He has also attacked our nation, and cut off almost all our young men and warriors, and many of our old men have been slain by him. This strong man, our enemy is named Rum! and he is your son, and begat by the white people, and we believe you have power to controul him; we therefore hope you will chain him down, and confine him among yourselves, and never let him again loose among us poor Indians."

" Oh ! Edward, you must not shut your book so soon, pray read me some more."

" You hear more," returned Edward— " why, you acknowledged just now, it was a favour to hear any part of its contents, you ought then to rest satisfied, even if you had only heard two lines out of this precious book !"

" No, Edward, I did not say it was a favour to hear it, but that you wanted to make it appear such—so now I hope you will read a little more."

" Pretty sort of logic to be sure, why you will do for a young counsellor in time! No, no, it is only on high days and holidays I open this book for any little boys, and then cannot read much at a time— " but do you see this ?" looking at his watch, " past nine o'clock, and Arthur still busy and cunning as a little fox, catching all he can hear !"

" How troublesome you are, Edward, to think so much of time, but I am not sure

I can go, till Emma has finished the apron."

"And pray why not?"

"Because I want to see it done, and I assist Emma so much in holding the scissors, and threading all her needles, which I find a great job, she uses them so fast."

"That is all your own fault," observed Emma, "for you cut the threads shorter and shorter every time, so that I am afraid my work will soon be nothing but beginnings, and it really has been so very tedious, that I could hardly avoid speaking, but from politeness, I allowed you to amuse yourself, though to my great interruption."

"That is very good, my dear girl," said her father, who was writing at another table. "I could not have desired you to have behaved more kindly, and since it was your brother's amusement you consulted, he shall, for your sake, be permitted to break through

our usual rule, by sitting up an hour longer."

A general smile gladdened the whole circle, and to add to the treat, Mr. Wilmore said he would put aside his writing and join their party. This unexpected pleasure roused Arthur to a pitch of enthusiasm, and jumping off the little stool on which he had been standing, he threw his arms round Emma's neck, thanking her for her kindness to him, and then ran to his father, who received his caresses with playful affection.

Arthur then placed the largest chair by the fire for his father, whose papers he immediately set about arranging in the portfolio, which, notwithstanding a great deal of bustle, employed some little time.

Mr. Wilmore having rung the bell, desired Thomas to bring in supper; the apron being now almost completed, the union of so many pleasant circumstances could not fail to enliven the group, and

they looked so merry and happy, that Thomas without knowing the reason partook of the general pleasure, which he betrayed by a full smile on his countenance, as he set the tray on the table. "What a great delight there is in family union and love," said Mr. Wilmore; "nothing in this world can equal it, and it is lamentable, that any little troublesome act of self-will or self love, should destroy its harmony—like a musical instrument, one chord out of tune, the whole is deranged. It is a happiness mercifully shed on the cottage, on the mansion, and on the throne. Anne of Austria, whom I mentioned to you as the excellent mother of Louis the fourteenth, found in her last moments the consolation of these endearing ties. For while pomp and royalty faded on her imagination, her heart survived to the sympathies of nature, and she found a balm in the tears and affection of her children, during the whole of a painful and tedious illness."

Edward in the mean time had been distributing the contents of the dishes to the company. "This supply of provisions," he at length said, "does justice to the hospitality of the north, for this loaded tray is ready to upset with tarts, puffs, bread, butter and I know not how many other things."

"The generosity of this part of the kingdom," said Mr. Wilmore, "is deservedly celebrated, but is not carried to such an excess as in China or Persia"

"Why, papa," said Emma, "they cannot with any reason give us more for supper than we have here."

"I do not know that they would set before us a greater variety, when but little was required, my love, but in China a traveller freely enters a house in any village, sits down to table, eats and drinks without being invited, or asked any questions, and then goes away without acknowledging the civility—he is a man, and therefore he is considered as a friend and a brother. And

in Persia, they say every meal a stranger partakes with its owners, brings a blessing upon the house."

"Astonishing! papa, what can be the cause of so much liberality?"

"It arises, I believe, my love, from the principles which form the basis of the Chinese laws; they have a greater number of precepts relating to the most common actions, than any other people in the world. And all their laws are formed with a view of supporting the opinion, of China being one great family, and of promoting in the citizens that regard and mutual affection, which is due to each other as brethren."

"It would be a nice country to live in," said Emma.

"I do not suppose," continued Mr. Wilmore, "you would be so much in love with it, were you better acquainted with its customs, for though the people are polite and hospitable, their habits are very opposite to our ideas of pleasure; besides

advantages which raise the mind to a state of the highest, yet most harmless exultation. Nothing in this situation of mind can be more pleasing, than to see the lark warbling upon the wing; raising its note as it soars, until it seems lost in the immense height above; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees in approaching its nest; the spot where all its affections are centered, the spot that has prompted all this joy."

"Very pretty indeed, Edward," said Mr. Wilmore, "and the more attention we pay to the works and order of nature, the more beauty and happiness do we discover—so that instead of thinking this a troublesome world, if we search properly, we shall find it is only the uncorrected ill humour and passions of men, which render it so, for happiness is widely diffused on all around us."

" The care that most birds take of their young," observed Edward, " is certainly curious—the hen partridge is a very cunning bird, and often defeats the hopes of the stranger or the dog, which should chance to approach her nest, by limping across the path to attract attention, and continues hobbling along, just out of the reach of her pursuer, till at a proper distance, she gives a loud scream to alarm her young ones, who fly elsewhere for safety, and then she mounts into the air herself. And every body knows what a stately chattering creature is the gander, when protecting the goose and her little tribe."

" Yes, to be sure they do," interrupted Arthur, " I know I have been almost frightened at him—he spreads his wings and makes such a screaming."

" And," said Mr. Wilmore, " the anxiety and attention shown for the preservation of their eggs, is not less remarkable, it is certainly a convincing proof of

the existence and mercy of an all Superintending Power, who instils into his creatures propensities suitable to their various wants. What else, for instance, could have induced those birds, which are a prey to serpents, to build their nests depending from the end of a small bough, with the opening underneath; the little robbers in our fields, carefully to conceal their nests in the thicket of a bush, or some place equally obscure; and large birds to use every precaution to render theirs inaccessable to wild beasts, or to vermin? Reason it cannot be—for the little hen is so stupid, that she knows not her own eggs, and would sit upon any others, if they were put under her. Even upon chalk, our common hen will continue to sit for a long time. And if she hatch ducklings, she does not discover that they are not her own offspring. But with respect to the nests of birds if we descend to individual species, how singularly do we find them applying means to their several particular wants."

" How do they apply means to their wants, papa?" said Arthur.

" To mention one tribe," replied Mr. Wilmore, " I will make choice of the wild duck, of which there are numerous kinds. Their nests are composed of long grass, heath and their own feathers, and are usually built amongst heath or rushes, near the water; but if disturbed in this situation, they sometimes make their aukward nests on the tops of trees, which from the formation of the duck's bill, you may imagine is a very difficult task to perform. Ducks which resort to cold regions, as Norway and Lapland, are more particular in forming their nests, for after having made a hole, they shelter the entrance, and line the nests with clay, long grass, moss, and their own down. The Eider duck, which is about twice the size of the common duck in our farm yard, is very particular in lining her nest with the finest down, which covers her breast, plucking

it off with her bill. It is one of the softest, warmest and lightest substances we know, and it is thickest during the breeding season. The natives watch the place where she builds, suffer her to lay her eggs, and then steal them; the duck builds another nest, which is also taken from her, she tries a third time, when the drake is obliged to supply the down from his breast, but if robbed of this nest, both entirely forsake the place."

"I wonder," said Arthur, how the people could have the cruelty to teaze them so often, when the poor duck had robbed herself in that cold place of all her down?"

"It is not to teaze them that they take the nest, my dear boy, but for the sake of the down which is very valuable, and is sold for a great price."

"Because man is lord of the creation, I suppose," said Arthur, looking very important, "he may do as he please, when

it is to serve himself—but it seems a little hard too."

"It is hard, I grant you," replied Mr. Wilmore, "but since man has the liberty of converting animals of every description to his use. we cannot blame him for so doing, unless he has the cruelty to increase their sufferings, beyond what is necessary. To lose their young is painful at the time to most animals, but the wound is sooner healed, than in a reasonable being. The present moment is all they enjoy, neither sorrow for the past, nor dread of the future can hurt their feelings, but wantonly to injure them is very cruel."

The path now became so dirty, and often covered with pools of water, that it was in vain to think of proceeding, though they were all anxious, particularly Emma, to reach the entrance of the wood before them.

"I really am sorry to give it up," said Emma, as they turned back, "I thought to be sure we should have got there after walking so far."

"I think it seems rather weak," said Arthur, "to return, on account of a few pools of water, and as to the dirt, nobody would mind it with thick shoes."

"If we could do any good by braving mud and water," replied Mr. Wilmore, "I would by all means proceed, but as it is merely our curiosity that we wish to satisfy, surely the wisest plan is to be guided by prudence, and avoid the danger of taking cold Those little birds which are hopping about, without the probability of hurting themselves, are already clothed with feathers, which are well supplied with oil, in order to resist the storm and the wet; but man, the only being without a natural covering, is the only one capable of supplying the deficiency—he must therefore exert his faculties to take care of him-

self, and not attempt enterprizes, until he has supplied himself with the necessary assistance."

"I wonder, papa," said Arthur "since he is superior to animals, he was not given the best covering."

"Had he been clothed, my love, he would not have been left so much at his own disposal, to wander where he pleases; now he can go to any part of the globe, and dress either warm or cold as the climate may require. On the contrary if he had been covered with the long fur of the bear, he would have been oppressed in hot countries—and with a lighter one, he would have been starved in the north."

"Why to be sure, papa," said Arthur, "that would have been inconvenient but did you not say that in some animals the coats grow thicker in the winter."

"Yes, my love, but supposing this to be the case with man, he would still have been too thickly clad for many countries.

In birds as well as animals, we see a wonderful difference in their coverings, which are perfectly adapted to the spot where they principally dwell: all waterfowl have thick down on their breasts, and the little singing birds which remain with us during the winter, have fine black down under their feathers, for black being warmer than any other colour, nature has provided their delicate little bodies, with the best preservative against cold."

"Yes," exclaimed Arthur, "and don't you remember, Emma, the great deal of trouble that we had to pick it off the sparrows, which Edward shot last winter?"

"Man's superiority," continued Mr. Wilmore, "is seen in another, and a still more striking instance."

"How, papa?"

"You should not be so impatient, Arthur, I was going to tell you. Every animal has some task assigned him by his Creator, who has supplied him with all

the materials requisite to perform it. Man alone is at liberty to make choice of his employments, and to command the productions of the earth to accelerate his wishes."

"I don't understand what you mean, papa," said Arthur.

"The animal creation, my dear boy, may be divided into quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects, in all which you could not change one limb or coat for another, without an evident alteration for the worse. And you see they are quite suited to the task assigned to each—to walk, to fly, to swim or to creep, and all are provided with the necessary organs, such as feet, wings, fins, &c.

"To mention their more particular habits, you must often have observed the difference between land and water fowl. The former have their toes divided, without any thing to join them; and their legs and feet serve them for the purposes of running, grasp-

ing or climbing. On the other hand, the legs and feet of water fowl are formed for the purposes of wading in the water, or swimming on its surface. In these the feet are webbed, as in the feet of a goose, which serve like oars to assist them forward with greater velocity. Such as do not swim, but find their food in pools and shallow water, have mostly long legs for wading, long necks for stooping, and long beaks for seeking."

"The beak of every kind of bird is formed for the particular food which supports it. Such as live upon insects have slender bills, whereas such as mostly live upon fruit and grain have short strong bills, and ducks have their bills covered with a skin which serves as a strainer for their food."

"Really papa," said Emma, "this is a very curious account of birds; I always thought there was a great difference in

their appearance, but I never before knew it was so wonderful."

"And what is equally striking, my love," continued Mr. Wilmore, "their figures are not only adapted to their several situations, but their stomachs are also differently constructed for their various food. In those that live on flesh, it is soft, but in those that live upon dry food, the grain, &c. is first moistened in the crop, and afterwards ground small by means of two pair of muscles, which being lined with a strong ridgy coat, can bruise or grind almost any substance.

"I have now been describing a few peculiarities of fowls, and if we were to examine minutely, we should find organizations in all other animals, equally adapted to their wants."

"Oh! papa," said Emma, "do tell us of some others."

"I would, my love, were we not so nearly at the end of our walk, but perhaps

I shall have time to name two instances, in which the animals are furnished with terrible weapons of assault and defence, but which, by a wonderful contrivance, are rendered perfectly harmless to themselves.

"The first is in the formation of the shark's mouth, which, as well as its throat, is enormously wide, and capable of swallowing a man with great ease, and its teeth are still more terrific. Of these there are six rows, extremely hard, sharp pointed, and of a wedge—like figure, with which the jaws, above and below, appear planted all over; the shark has the power of erecting or depressing them at pleasure; when at rest, they lay flat in his mouth, but when he prepares to seize his prey, he erects all this dreadful apparatus, by the help of a set of muscles, which joins them to the jaw; and the animal which he seizes, is crushed in a moment, pierced with an hundred wounds."

"Oh! papa, what a dreadful creature! Now pray what is the other story?"

"It is the fang of the viper, a dart of which infuses into the wound the most fatal poison. When the viper is quiet, the fang lies flat in the jaw, but is furnished with a muscle, which with a jerk, and by a pluck, as it were of a string, suddenly erects itself. Close under the root of the fang is a small bag filled with the venom; when the former is raised, the closing of the jaw presses the root against the bag, which pressure, forces out the fluid with considerable strength through the tube of the fang. Thus the viper can take away the life of its enemy, without the smallest danger of injuring itself, though it carries the poison in its own mouth."

"Thank you, papa," said Emma, "I think this a more astonishing contrivance than the shark's mouth, I am really sorry that our walk is at an end."

"I don't know that I am sorry," rejoin-

ed Edward, as they entered the house, " for truly I want my breakfast."

" Oh! Edward," said Arthur, " you are always in a hurry for something to eat."

" Be that as it will," replied Edward, " I think it a great happiness to have a good appetite. The little birds we have been speaking of, first sing their morning hymn, and then search with a chirping note of joy for their simple meal. We have been admiring the harmony and beauty of the works of our Maker, and surely, we are not doing wrong to partake with pleasure of the bountiful feast, which he has spread for our benefit and enjoyment."

" No brother—I think it right now to enjoy my breakfast, and I shall be very glad to see it; the sooner the better, as I am very hungry."

CHAPTER XI.

"We have staid out rather later than we ought to have done," said Mr. Wilmore, looking at his watch. "It is now past nine o'clock, and if we go round by the fisherman's, on our way to Mrs. Vincent's, we shall be later at her house than we have proposed. Emma, my love, whilst the chocolate and rolls are preparing, I will make the tea, and do you run up stairs and pack up your things—Edward and I have finished packing ours."

Arthur offered his services to his sister, if he could render her any assistance. His proposal being accepted, they both hurried off to their employment; and soon re-

turned, loaded with packages, the waiting maid following with a small trunk.

"There papa, we have done them all in a great bustle," cried Arthur, "and now we must put up Susan's things—it is high fun to have so much to do."

"People are generally happiest when they are employed," replied his father, "but I do not know that a bustle is particularly agreeable."

"This milk pan," observed Arthur, "is an awkward job, papa, it wriggles about in the basket at such a rate, that it will never travel without breaking."

"You had better wear it at once as a hat, Arthur," cried Edward, "and then it will certainly be safe."

"I am surprised, Edward," said Arthur, "that now you are almost a man, you should talk in that way."

"I think, papa," rejoined Emma, "if Edward has no objection to riding on the box, we may contrive to place the basket

in the chariot, and then all will go in safety."

"That will be the best plan, my love, and now let us sit down to breakfast."

"But," said Edward, "instead of my being shoved out of the carriage, I beg to propose, that Arthur, who is so fond of this milk-pan, should make room for it himself, by giving up his seat and standing as footman behind."

The look of astonishment in Arthur's countenance, so diverted his brother, that he could hardly forbear smiling, but summoning up all his gravity, he listened patiently to his answer.

"What did you say, Edward! that I had better stand behind the carriage, whilst you are sitting in the inside?"

"I only proposed such a plan for the consideration of the company," replied Edward.

"Then I never saw you so like the disagreeable dog in the manger."

"How do you make that out."

"Because you refuse to sit on the comfortable box yourself, and yet you never offer it to me, but only propose my standing on the hard board. But to shew you," said he, raising his voice, "that I am not so selfish as you are, I should like to ride outside to make room for the basket, if papa will allow me."

"Indeed," replied Edward, "I give you great credit for your politeness to the wicker and earthenware; and since you are so attentive to the welfare of inanimate objects, what feats of prowess shall we not expect to see you perform in the assistance of a fellow creature!"

"When any body asks me to do a thing," replied Arthur, "I shall not be afraid of a little trouble in helping him, for I think a selfish man, one of the ugliest creatures in the world." He concluded the sentence with so hard a stroke on the table with his clenched fist, that his bason

of milk was thrown into the agitation of a little volcano, and discharged its contents so forcibly around, that the young orator found his face and hair assailed with a considerable portion of his morning beverage. With half frightened looks, he continued kneeling upon his chair, silently astonished at the effects of his vehemence, when at length raising his eyes, he beheld his brother hiding his face between his hands, shaking every limb with laughter, and his father and sister almost as much diverted.

"You told me the other day, papa," said he, in a slow tone, "it was wrong to laugh at the misfortunes of others."

"I do consider it, my dear boy, very unfeeling, for a person to amuse himself, at another's distress—but I believe your accident was not the cause of our diversion."

"No, no," exclaimed Edward, "we were amused by your deep insinuation, sir!

which fitted so ill, that it was necessary to enforce it by a blow."

"Well, indeed," replied Arthur, "I did not think so much of you, as of Mrs. Vincent's picture, when I called the selfish man ugly; but it is a good thing if you are convinced that you were a little selfish."

"Arthur you must leave off talking, and eat your breakfast," said Emma, "for I hear Thomas bringing the horses into the yard, and you will have no time to take any thing."

Upon this he sat down to the small portion of milk remaining in the bason, without attempting to ask a further supply, since he knew he had lost the rest, by a hastiness of manner, which his father generally reproved.

Edward observing how precious every spoonful was now become, approached his brother with his cup in hand, and in a most courteous style, begged him to share half

of his chocolate, which would evince that they still continued friends, though they had differed a little on one point. A favour conferred at the moment most needed, and presented in so kind a manner, that the person to whom it is offered, appears to oblige the donor by accepting it, raises the value of the most trifling little offering, far above its intrinsic worth—and so Arthur now felt his brother's proposal, and thanked him with looks of pleasure, for the kind notice he had taken of his wants. "Now," said Edward, "stir my chocolate well with your milk, and let no more traces be left in the course of our lives of differences between us, than there now appears in the contents of your cup and mine."

Arthur was much delighted with this thought, and continued stirring his chocolate so long, that the carriage drove up before he had tasted it. In a great bustle he at length concluded his breakfast, and

then ran to assist in arranging the packages for their journey. Whilst they were thus engaged, Mr. Wilmore paid the landlord's account, and left in his hands a guinea, to dispense to the blind weaver, whenever he thought she stood in need of a little assistance, which the landlord received with many thanks to Mr. Wilmore for his liberality. On reaching the carriage, Edward handed in both his sister and Arthur, and mounting the box, took the reins, and drove from the inn: leaving their landlord and several of his family at the door, who watched the chariot out of sight, regretting they should no more see this worthy and interesting family.

"Well, Arthur," said Edward, leaning over the box to the front windows, "how travels the basket?"

"Sometimes pretty well, and at other times very badly, thank you, Edward—it has given me one sad blow on my legs,

but I am now taking care to secure it with my feet."

"Edward," said Mr. Wilmore, "our landlord told me if we took the right hand road, it would lead us a round of a few miles, but that the beauty of the scenery would amply repay us."

A smack of the whip, and a catch of the rein now directed them into this new track; but Emma soon complained that her brother drove so fast, that the beautiful country seemed to fly from them, instead of affording them delight. Arthur was roused in a minute, and giving his brother a pull by the coat, desired him not to gallop so fast.

"Gallop! why what a whip you are, Arthur," cried Edward; "we are only trotting, but if you wish to go more leisurely, I will draw in."

"Now, papa, we go charmingly," said Arthur, "it was well I told Edward, or

else Emma would have been quite disappointed."

"Whilst you are enjoying the grand scenes before you, I hope my children, a tribute of grateful praise will arise in your hearts to the benevolent Creator of the world, for having so abundantly consulted the welfare and delight of man, that not a spot or creature has been formed, but to encrease his enjoyments. And so wonderfully is every thing constructed, that all his works loudly proclaim his beneficence and greatness."

"The account of birds which you gave us this morning, papa, is a great proof of it, since the Creator has rendered them serviceable to man, and adapted their figures so suitably to their different habits, that all the necessary occupations of their lives are made the source of their happiness."

"I am very glad, my dear Emma, to find you have so treasured up my remarks,

as to enable you to make your own reflections on this interesting subject. You might have added one more observation, that we find after the happiness and convenience of an animal is provided for, its appearance is not neglected, and we behold many of the feathered tribe in particular, arrayed in all the hues of the rainbow, which are blended together so beautifully, that no human art can ever presume to equal them."

"That did not escape my notice, papa," replied Emma, "but I thought there might be some use in the colour of their plumage."

"None, that I know, has ever been discovered to arise from its variety, further than to render it beautiful and pleasing. The eye, again, of every class of animals denotes the same attention to beauty; all must have remarked the ornamental rim or iris round the pupil, which is perhaps of no very essential use to the eye, but appears

placed there chiefly to give beauty and animation to the countenance."

"You must not look at that book now, papa," said Arthur, "but pray tell us something more, for I like to hear you talk of such things, it makes me feel quiet and happy."

"If I did not read sometimes to acquire fresh knowledge, and refresh my memory by recurring to what I have already learned, I should soon exhaust my stock of information, and have nothing new to communicate, when you would complain of my being an insipid companion. This book at which I was looking, contains many interesting accounts of the care which Providence has bestowed, to render this earthly abode, delightful and pleasing. The high banks on each side, the meadows beyond us, are all bespangled with the most attractive herbage, which on examining closely, we discover to be composed of innumerable portions of fine

and delicate parts,—a small tuft of which, is here and there crowned with a most exquisitely delicate little flower, gracefully formed, and glowing with the brilliant touches of a divine artist. " This author," said he, pointing to his book, " observes that every flower possesses the most edifying rhetoric, to fill us with admiration of our omnipotent Creator. Surely, my children, so many mercies as we are daily witnessing, demand a return of grateful praise, and still more urgently when we consider, that every blessing which surrounds us, our life, our friends, and all our comforts, are the gifts of his love; and above all, that he has promised to those who obey his command, and love him with all their heart, an everlasting state of glory, when death releases them from this world! Surrounded by happiness here, and promised such an increase of it hereafter, we certainly have every incentive to subdue our evil inclinations. And if we do but strive truly to

love our Creator whilst on earth, we shall find that our endeavours will tend to promote every virtue, and make us happy and contented in all situations. This humble tribute of obedience to his law is more acceptable to the Sovereign Lord of the Universe, than the most pompous display of worship. The slightest inward feelings of gratitude in an humble heart, are as distinctly heard by the sacred ear, as the loudest exclamations of vocal prayer."

"There is something very beautiful, papa," said Emma, "in every description of religion, for it raises man almost as high as the angels, and renders him truly great and happy."

"Nothing, my love, can so exalt the nature of man. The heart which is guided by the dictates of religion, compared with the state of those, who are governed by their passions, rises with still more glowing beauties. I have seen in a book, some re-

marks upon the emblem which the scriptures present to us, of the troubled sea resembling the state of a wicked man which I think are very just."

"What are they, papa?"

"If my memory serve me I will endeavour to repeat them to you. The scriptures tell us, the wicked are like a troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt; and a stronger emblem cannot well be imagined: for the deeds of iniquity are noxious as the offensive refuse of the sea; and the conscience in continual terrors, knows nothing of that placid calm and smiling repose, which lodges in the good man's breast. Let the passionate and iniquitous contemplate the ocean in this view, and intreat him, who commanded the winds and waves into peace, to hush their tempestuous disorders, and introduce the sweet calm of virtue into their souls."

"But, papa," said Arthur, "how could you say just now the humble man was so great, because I thought he was always a poor man."

"I was not speaking of his situation in life, my love, but of the state of his mind. Humility makes a man fulfil the noblest part of his nature—by placing full dependance upon his God, and exerting every kind and endearing disposition to please those about him. I should rather say to make them happy, by condescending to their weaknesses, by loving their excellencies, encouraging their virtues, and rejoicing in their prosperities, by forgiving their unkindnesses, and assisting them to the extent of his power. To perform these duties, he must lay aside many of his own inclinations to please others, which an humble mind only, fortified by the hope of assistance in the hour of trial, from his great Master, can accomplish."

"Then humility, papa, is a virtue?"

"Certainly, my love, and humility, by teaching us not to entertain too high an opinion of ourselves, prepares the mind to receive the precepts of religion, which, when steadily pursued, overcome our evil propensities, and in the end fill the mind with inexhaustible delights."

"When I feel inclined to do wrong, papa," said Arthur, "I do not always know how to check the inclination."

"You must not be discouraged by difficulties, my dear boy, but firmly trust in the assistance of your Almighty Father, in every endeavour you make to subdue a wrong disposition. I dare say you admire the virtuous triumph which the great Newton had acquired over anger, by attending to the dictates of his heart."

"What was that, papa?"

"He had gained so perfect a command of his temper, that scarcely any accident could disturb it; and in one instance, when most would have been very angry, he retained

the greatest mildness. He had a favourite little dog, which he named Diamond. Being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Newton returned, having been absent only a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that his dog had thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, and the nearly finished labours, of many years, were in flames, and almost consumed to ashes! This loss, as Newton was then far advanced in years, was irretrievable. Yet without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation: "Oh! Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done."

"Dear papa, I do not think I could have been so good, I should have been very angry with him, if I had not beaten him well for it."

"To have beaten poor Diamond, my dear boy, would have been of little benefit, since he did not intend any mischief,

nor was he even aware of what he had done, and to have scolded him, would have been just as useless. Do you know what the Arabians say? "that the wise man's soul reposes at the root of the tongue, whilst that of the fool is ever dancing on the tip." And somebody remarks as a check to volubility, that nature has wisely furnished us with two ears, and but one tongue—a most useful lesson if rightly applied. Newton it seems benefitted by these hints, and acted more wisely, it appears than you would have done."

"Why, it was the best way to be sure, papa, but it is very difficult to be patient when one is vexed."

"That is a fine view before us," said Edward, again turning round, and stopping the horses; "the air is so warm, I think you had better have the carriage opened."

The party agreeing to this proposal, it was soon done, much to the delight of the

young people, who regretted they had not thought of it before; and after begging Edward to drive slowly, they moved forward and presently began to ascend a beautiful hill, which commanded a most lovely prospect of the lake.

"Oh! Emma," exclaimed Arthur, "we can now see the fisherman's lake again. How beautiful it looks!" Emma was delighted, and thought she had never seen a more charming view.

On gaining the summit, they spied in a valley, Mrs. Vincent's cottage, and the smoke from the fisherman's chimney, his little dwelling being concealed among the trees.

"I am so glad to see these places again," said Arthur, ; "I do love Mrs. Vincent, and how surprised Susan will be to see us."

"This hill is very steep, Thomas," said Mr. Wilmore, "you had better put the chain on the hind wheel before we descend it."

This being accomplished, they slowly travelled down the winding road. "I quite regret, papa," said Emma, "to leave the top of the hill, so much can be seen of the lovely scenery around us. But this is beautiful!—really every turn seems to bring something more charming to our view."

"We might almost learn a moral lesson from this road," replied her father, "for he who would rest indolently in the valley would lose many of the delights we feel in ascending the heights. So the person who would shake off idleness, and encourage industry, will have many trials to overcome. And in gaining any little eminence, he must not rest contented with what he has encountered, but press forward to new and fresh undertakings, till he has arrived at his goal of excellence. We have now by exertion almost reached the end of our object this morning. Here Edward I

believe we must stop, this field appears to lead to the fisherman's—there being, I am pretty sure, no carriage road to the cottage."

'They then alighted, and desired Thomas to wait their return."

CHAPTER. XII.

The basket and its contents being safely lodged in the field, Arthur, after much inspection, pronounced it to be without injury, though it had received two or three violent blows. Who was now to carry it, was the next question, for their landlord had informed them, that they had yet half a mile farther to proceed, and the path, on the side of the hill, was in some parts so narrow, that two could not conveniently walk together.

"It is too large," said Arthur, as his brother took up the basket, "to carry it in your arms."

"I'll tell you, Arthur, we will carry it by the handles between us, where the path

will admit of it—and where we find it too narrow, I will e'en mount the basket on my head, if you will hold my hat."

Arthur laughed heartily as his brother tried whether it would fit best on his shoulder, or on his head, but finding the latter was the best plan, every thing being arranged they all set off.

Thomas watched them (regretting he could not leave his horses to assist his young master) till a projecting rock concealed them from his view. Round this rock the path became narrow, and the basket which so far had been carried between Mr. Whitmore and Edward, was now raised to Edward's head; his hat was safely lodged under Arthur's arm, whilst he followed his brother, anxiously looking first at his steps and then at his load.

"Oh! my poor head," at last exclaimed Edward, "how far have we to travel in this path?"

"A very little further, Edward, but there is a steep place to go down first," re-

plied Arthur, as he peeped round by the side of his brother.

"Well then, I cannot possibly hold out longer."

"You had better, Edward," said Mr. Wilmore, "rest on the trunk of this tree, that is lying by the road-side, on which we can all sit down."

With pleasure they acceded to this proposal, and Arthur rendered all the assistance in his power, to place the basket on the ground, expressing some concern that Edward should find it so fatiguing a job to carrry.

"I am sure it is past all my comprehension, to imagine how we shall ever carry any thing, except our own dear selves, down that place," said Edward, "I think I shall fall head foremost if I go top heavy."

"This place," said Mr. Wilmore, "reminds me a little, of accounts travellers give us of the steep and dangerous descents, which the mules pass down, among the

precipices of the Alps and Andes. I wish I could recollect sufficiently, to tell you how they perform their task."

"Though my father cannot remember the account, I have in my book, the description which Goldsmith gives of their descents, but I am afraid we can hardly wait long enough to read it."

"Try Edward," said Arthur, "and if we cannot finish it now, we can leave it. Pray begin."

Edward opened his budget of information; "I have seen," said he, "very similar accounts of their passage down the Alps, in another work, but as Goldsmith quotes his recital from Ulloa's travels in America, I have rather preferred his journey over the Andes, which you know are the highest mountains in the world."

"In these passages, on one side are steep eminences, on the other frightful abysses, and as they generally follow the direction of the mountain, the road instead of lying in a level, forms at every little dis-

tance, steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. This can only be descended by mules, and the animals themselves seem sensible of the danger, and the caution that is to be used. When they come to the edge of one of these descents, they stop without being checked by the rider, and if he inadvertently attempt to spur them on, they continue immoveable. They seem all this time ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing themselves for the encounter. They not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having prepared for the descent, they place their fore feet in a posture, as if they were stopping themselves, they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward as if they were going to lie down.

"In this attitude, having taken as it were, a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the mean time all the rider has to do, is to keep

himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to disorder the equilibrium of the mule, in which case they both unavoidably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful, for in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow exactly the different windings of the road, as if they had previously settled in their minds, the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety. In this journey the natives, who are placed along the sides of the mountains, and hold by the roots of the trees, animate the beasts with shouts, and encourage them to perseverance. Some mules, after being long used to these journies, acquire a kind of reputation for their safety and skill, and their value rises in proportion to their fame."

"We must not sit any longer," said Mr. Wilmore, "I am afraid we have al-

ready lost time, and ran the risk of taking cold, as the ground is very damp under these trees."

"Now Edward, you must take the basket up again," said Arthur. "I declare I don't think I can," replied Edward, "I am more faint hearted than the mules, though they tremble at first."

"I am of opinion," said Mr. Wilmore, "that we had better leave it for James to fetch, as he is more accustomed to these steep descents."

"That is a bad contrivance," said Arthur, "it will spoil every thing not to take it to the cottage ourselves; don't you think so Emma?"

"I wish as much as you, Arthur, that we could get it down ourselves, but we must take care however not to break Edward's head." "No to be sure, sister, but can't you walk, Edward, a little way down, and try how it is."

To this he agreed, and descending a few

steps, catching hold of the bushes by the way. "It is bad enough to creep down alone," he exclaimed, "but I see the path does not go far, and if my father will steady me, by holding the flaps of my coat, I think I shall manage to reach the bottom; but you and Emma must wait, till the basket is securely landed, when we can return to assist you."

Preparations were now made for this adventure, and after the search of a few minutes, they were provided with a stick to support the basket, with which Edward now began to descend, moving slowly step by step.

The anxious little peepers from above, beheld their safe arrival, and the moment Edward finished his career, Arthur took off his hat, and gave three huzzas, as loud as he could, his brother joining in with the chorus. Scarcely had Arthur finished, when he was suddenly startled and astonished with hearing his own voice repeated

and rebounded from rock to rock, now issuing, as it were from the hollow of a cave, and then from the depths of the grove. He looked on all sides, but could see nothing, and turning to Emma, was surprised to perceive her listening with a most attentive yet delighted countenance.

"How grand is this echo!" she at length exclaimed.

"Is that an echo?" cried Arthur, "why it has been huzzaing in every place; but not like the echo in our garden. And so loud, surely it never can be an echo!"

"Indeed it is, Arthur, and only reverberated from many quarters instead of one."

Mr. Wilmore stopped on his ascent, to observe the confusion and pleasure of his children, at their first acquaintance with the music of the mountains; and when every sound, but a distant murmuring had

ceased, he clambered up the path on which they stood.

Arthur's astonishment had by this time a little subsided, and notwithstanding the alarm, into which it had first thrown him, he felt some traces of pleasure left on his mind. And after expressing his wonder to his father, he was for repeating the experiment; but Mr. Wilmore desired him to refrain for the present, as they had already been a long time on their walk, and they should be much hurried at the fisherman's. Edward, who had now joined them, proposed helping Emma, if his father took care of Arthur, and proceeding cautiously they at length performed their journey most admirably. The road now became a gradual descent to the level below, on which at a little distance stood the cottage. As soon as they left the narrow path, Arthur begged that he might lay hold of one side of the basket. Thus they arrived at the wicket gate, and tap-

ping at the door Susan opened it for them.

This second unexpected visit from our party, proved as Arthur had concluded, a great surprise to Susan, but she requested them to walk in, and said she would call her husband directly, who was then on the shore, returning from off the water."

With smiling faces the whole group stood before the cottage door. Mr. Wilmore told her, that the kind reception, they met with the other day, had induced them to pay her and James another visit, and they would now with pleasure accept her offer of passing again over their threshhold.

Arthur during this time, had been guarding the basket as much as possible from observation, not only by standing erect before it, but by making Emma also stand by his side to assist in concealing it.

When his father put his foot on the little step to enter the cottage, he looked

in the greatest alarm, lest the basket should be discovered; and pulling Edward by the arm he begged that he would give him his silk handkerchief.

"My silk handkerchief! what are you going to do?" asked his brother.

"Don't ask me, but give it in a moment; before Susan sees me." Edward took up the end of his coat, and deliberately drew out his handkerchief.

"A little faster, Edward, a little faster," and giving it a tug himself, he searched for the corners, and holding it out straight, laid it carefully over the milk pan, so that the corners hung down, and covered the basket; when moving to the side with the greatest alacrity, he desired Edward to take hold of the other handle, but not to move the covering.

Emma next entered the cottage, and then her brothers followed with the valuable package. Arthur went first, and walking backwards up the step, found it a

have made free to come again to your cottage."

"Aye, with all my heart, and thank ye too," replied the fisherman, "for *a body's* honoured with such company; and now your are come so early, my wife will be proud to give you a better dinner than the other day; and I have just now caught some famous fish, which *may* be, you will not dislike."

"Thank you sincerely, James, for your hospitable offer. We had as good a dinner the other day as we could desire, but now we are engaged to dine at Mrs. Vincent's—so we only came round to call upon you, and to ask you to accept of a little remembrance or two from us, as many years will most likely pass over our heads before we meet again."

"Indeed your honour's very good, but honest Englishman has too warm a heart to want bribes to remember his friends."

"True," replied Mr. Wilmore, "yet you must not look upon these trifles as bribes, but as little mementos only of our esteem;" pointing as he spoke, to the basket and milk pan, which Arthur that instant displayed by taking off the handkerchief."

"Upon that condition, Susan and I shall be proud to take them," said he bowing, whilst Susan curtesied; Joe stood astonished to think it was not his father's basket, but seeing him bow to Mr. Wilmore he bowed also.

Arthur then began to untie the string which confined the pan, and having released it, he carried it with an air of delighted consequence to the round table, on which he placed it, and then waited for a hint from his father, to know if he were to proceed in unpacking. Mr. Wilmore, however, came towards the table, and presented the milk pan to Susan, saying, he and his young folks hoped she would accept it, and that she would find it strong

and serviceable. He did not then wait to hear her return many thanks, but smilingly added, they had a great deal to do, and must not stay long.

Arthur next produced the duster, and shaking it out, displayed its whole size; when taking it to Susan he told her, his sister had made it entirely for her, because she saw that her own was rather old. And then running away he fetched the apron, which he carried to his sister, saying he supposed she would like to give that herself, since it had taken her a long time to make.

Susan admired the pattern, thanked Emma for her beautiful present, but was sorry she had bestowed so much trouble about it.

Arthur now enquired for the baby, and finding it was asleep in the cradle, said it must be taken up. The mother looked surprised, but was going to obey, when Mr. Wilmore stopped her; however as the

young gentleman wanted to see it, she said she should not mind waking it. As soon as the baby was roused, Arthur advanced with the warm little cloak, and held it up by the hood, to its mother, who took it with looks of gratitude, and tried it on the child.

"Indeed, Master," said the fisherman, "I *be* almost ashamed to see so many nice things given us."

"You should consider, my good man," replied Mr. Wilmore, "how much you bestowed upon us the other morning."

"As to that, sir," answered the fisherman, "it was a pleasure, and only what our good lady teaches us to do."

The large red cloak was at length produced, and laid on the table, where Emma and Arthur, both assisted in unfolding it. "Now, somebody must put it on Susan," cried Arthur, "I am not tall enough, and

she cannot do it herself, because she has the baby."

"I will," said Mr. Wilmore, and placing it in order on her shoulders, Arthur walked round her to see how it fitted. The countryman said, he had never seen one handsomer or warmer, and really he could not tell what to say for the gentlefolks kindness: little Joe stared with all his might at his mother and the baby in their new dresses; and Susan herself, with crimson cheeks, looked more delighted than words could express.

As soon as it was found that the cloak perfectly answered, the basket claimed their attention, and James, with a profound bow, examined it, as he was ordered to see, whether he thought it suitable to carry his fish.

"Aye, it will do to a marvellous nicety, and never had I such a good one before in my boat."

"Well," said Mr. Wilmore, "I hope both of you will find the things useful—but we must not stay longer. It is, my children, just one o'clock. But James, what a sad path there seems to be leading to the road."

"Not so very bad, sir, it was new cut this spring."

"We found it, however, hard work to come here this morning," continued Mr. Wilmore, "not being mountaineers."

"Hard work to come here!—why where have your honours been; there's only a little hill, as smooth as the path before my door."

"I dare say, the gentlefolks," rejoined Susan, "came by the upper walks, and that it was they who were hallooing up there."

"Yes, it was," cried Arthur, "when we got the basket down that steep place."

"Oh! your worship," replied James, "made a great blunder in coming that way—our straight road is at the bottom of the hill."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Wilmore, "or it would have taken us a long time to get back again."

James now offered his services to shew them the way, which they gladly accepted, then bidding Susan adieu, and wishing her health, they left the cottage, and proceeded with James as their guide on their return to the carriage. In the course of their walk, they told James that Mrs. Vincent had informed them, that his wife's grandfather lived in a cave among the neighbouring hills. "So sure he does," replied James, "I myself once lived there," the tear almost starting in his eye, as he recalled the remembrance of former days, "and *many's* the blessings Mrs. Vincent has given him, as well as us."

"Do you often see him?"

"Aye, sir, scarcely a day passes, wet or fine, but Susan or I go to him; and it does his heart good to see us, and our *bairns*, for he is a brave old man, though he is my wife's grandfather."

"Is it not a curious sort of looking place he lives in?" enquired Arthur.

"You might think so, young master, but he finds it very comfortable, and it is much better than many an old cottage."

"If we had an opportunity of calling upon him," said Mr. Wilmore, "do you think he would dislike seeing strangers?"

"No, please your worship, I am sure not—but you are no strangers to him now, for he has heard all about you, and you are very good to think so much of us."

The new path was found so easy, that they had proceeded with hasty steps, and before they were aware of it, came into

the road. But what was to be done—for on arriving at the bottom of the hill, the carriage was out of sight, having been left much nearer the summit than was expected. James, however, offered to call Thomas, as he knew a shorter road, which avoided all the twists and turns, which were formed to break the steep ascent. As soon as he was gone, Emma turned to her father and exclaimed, "how delighted they were, papa, with all the presents, surely we have no cause to regret the rain of yesterday."

"Nor that we took so much trouble to carry them ourselves this morning," cried Arthur.

"No, indeed," added Edward; "and I feel myself fully repaid for the hard labour I underwent in their cause."

"It is a happiness, my children, to be able to reflect with pleasure on any action that is passed; and when the enjoyment, arising from exertion, is not diminished by

vain regrets, the mind will generally be kept in even cheerfulness, which prepares it to commence with pleasure the first pursuit which may offer."

"Here comes the carriage," cried Arthur, "and the fisherman sitting behind." It stopped, and Edward, after seeing them safely in the carriage, resumed his seat on the box, whilst James with much regret closed the door, though he was a little cheered with the hint which had been given him by Mr. Wilmore of their intended visit to his grandfather. Then touching his hat, the party drove off to Mrs. Vincent's.

FINIS.

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